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THE MADONNA & CHILD.

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2005 University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

THE IRIS:

A WEEKLY AND RELIGIOUS

OFFERING.



NEW YORK:
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THE IRIS:

A

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS

123, 11

OFFERING.

EDITED BY

THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, LAMB'S-CONDUIT STREET; HURST,
CHANCE, & CO., ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD:

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1830.

123, 11



LONDON :

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PREFACE.

THE practice of introducing a new work to the Public with prefatory remarks, though sometimes attended with inconvenience, is far from being destitute of its own peculiar advantages: and among these I am disposed to reckon the opportunity which it now affords me, of addressing to the discerning few who will honour the Preface with a perusal, some words of acknowledgment, explanation, and apology.

I do not, however, intend to apologize for the present attempt to increase the number of those attractive publications, which now form no unimportant part of our literature, under the general ~~Appellation~~ of ANNUALS: if the attempt is successful, ~~no~~ apology will be needed; if the contrary, none will avail. The endeavour, to say the least, is an honest one, and failure will be unaccompanied with

disgrace; for the task of providing for the entertainment of those who consider that even recreative reading should be made subservient to the great object of moral and religious improvement (and it is principally for such that "THE IRIS" is designed), must be allowed, by every reflecting person, to be at least as difficult as it is useful.

I am desirous rather to acknowledge the liberal, and, in not a few instances, unsolicited assistance which I have received from several individuals of no ordinary pretensions in the literary world, coupled with my sincere regret, that the limits within which the Work is necessarily confined have prevented me from profiting by *all*. Gladly would I have omitted, for this purpose, some of my own compositions (which I acknowledge bear an undue proportion to the size of the Work), but that the longer poem, "The Daughter of Jäirus," was inserted by special agreement; while, as it constituted a prominent feature of the Work, that the series* of Poems illustrative of

* The term 'series' is applied exclusively to those Engravings, which are illustrative of events in the life of Christ.

n- the Engravings should be all by one hand, I could
ve not think of imposing fetters upon another, which I
at had felt, in my own experience, to be at once irk-
is some and oppressive.

), My thanks, and those of the Publishers, are
e especially due to the noble and distinguished in-
dividuals, who have sanctioned the engraving of
, the Pictures from their respective collections;—to
: Mrs. Heber, for the interesting and characteristic
Sketch, which she has kindly furnished, from the
pen of the late venerated Bishop of Calcutta; and
to several Contributors, by whose kindness I trust
to profit on a future occasion, and whose names
I only forbear to mention, because I feel that a
distinctive acknowledgment might be misconstrued,
where I am equally indebted to so many. I can-
not, however, omit to acknowledge my obligations
to the gentleman who was associated with me
in the duties of Editor, for the correct judgment
and unwearied assiduity with which he has dis-
charged the important office of collecting contri-
butions, and communicating with the respective

authors; a task which my personal engagements compelled me to delegate entirely to his hands. But it could not have been more ably discharged; and if, in one or two instances, the anger of excluded contributors,—excluded, however, principally from our want of experience, and miscalculation of our limits,—has induced them to menace “THE IRIS” with critical hostility, we feel far more of regret that literature is debased by such practices, than of apprehension for their influence upon the reception of the Work. The vessel must be lightly constructed, which cannot withstand a breeze.

On one subject,—the recent change, or rather modification of the title,—some explanation is due to the Public. An objection was started to the designation under which the projected Volume was originally announced (that of “THE OFFERING”), by the Proprietors of an Annual bearing an appellation somewhat similar, which it is needless to mention more particularly. The terms, however, in which that objection was conveyed, were so utterly destitute, not only of decent courtesy, but even of

common civility, that the Publishers might reasonably have held themselves excused from bestowing on it any attention whatever. Nevertheless, they have acceded—though at much inconvenience, and not a little risk,—to the substitution of a title so modified as to obviate the possibility of mistake; influenced to this step, I must expressly add, solely by a consideration of what was due to themselves—neither touched by insinuations which they felt to be unmerited, nor moved by menaces which they knew to be absurd. For myself, I have only to say, that if I cannot pluck with my own hand the laurels which bloom in the groves of the Muses, I should, at least, disdain to appropriate the stray leaves which had fallen from the wreath of another.

It is, however, some consolation to reflect, that in this “tug of war” Greek has not met Greek. The amiable and talented Editor of the Work alluded to, has manifested, throughout, all the urbanity and courtesy which are characteristic of the scholar and the gentleman; and it affords me peculiar gratification, that I can furnish the most

public and unequivocal testimony of his kindly disposition towards "THE IRIS" and its Editor, by exhibiting his name, in conjunction with those of the Editors of "The Amulet" and "The Literary Souvenir," among my list of contributors.

Apologizing for this detail,—which, however, circumstances seem to render unavoidable,—I shall only detain the Reader to express my sincere and earnest wish, that "THE IRIS" may be found to redeem the pledge given in the Prospectus; and that,—like the aerial bow, whence it derives its name,—the light and variable colours of fiction and imagination may be advantageously contrasted with the graver but more durable tints of morality and religion.

THOMAS DALE.

Beckenham, Sept. 10, 1820.

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[The pieces marked thus (*) form part of a *Series of Scripture Illustrations*,
by the Editor].

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

I.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

I.

WHEN from Thy beaming throne
O High and Holy One!
Thou cam'st to dwell with those of mortal birth;
No ray of living light
Flashed on th' astonished sight,
To shew the GODHEAD walked his subject earth:

II.

Thine was no awful form,
Shrouded in mist and storm,
Of Seraph, walking on the viewless wind;
Nor didst thou deign to wear
The port, sublimely fair,
Of Angel-heralds, sent to bless mankind.

III.

Made like the sons of clay,
Thy matchless glories lay
In form of feeble infancy concealed ;
No pomp of outward sign
Proclaimed the Power Divine ;
No earthly state the heavenly guest revealed !

IV.

Thou didst not choose thy home
Beneath a lordly dome ;
No regal diadem wreathed thy baby brow ;
Nor on a soft couch laid,
Nor in rich vest arrayed,
But with the poorest of the poor wert Thou !

V.

Yet she, whose gentle breast
Was Thy glad place of rest ;—
In her the blood of royal David flowed :
Men passed her dwelling by
With proud and scornful eye ;
But Angels knew and loved her mean abode.

VI.

There softer strains she heard
Than song of evening bird,
Or tuneful minstrel in a queenly bower ;

And o'er her dwelling lone
A brighter radiance shone
Than ever glittered from a Monarch's tower.

VII.

For there the Mystic Star
That sages led from far,
To pour their treasures at her Infant's feet,
Still shed its golden light ;—
There, through the calm, clear night,
Were heard Angelic Voices, strangely sweet.

VIII.

O happiest thou of all
Who bare the deadly thrall
Which, for *one* mother's crime, to all was given ;—
Her first of mortal birth
Brought Death to reign on earth,—
But *THINE* brings Light and Life again from heaven !

IX.

Happiest of Virgins thou,
On whose unruffled brow
Blends maiden meekness with a mother's love !
Blest in thy Heavenly Son,
Blest in the Holy One,
Whom man knows not below, though Angels hymned
above !

THE FUNERAL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

I.

DEATH here !—The mourners sighing, and the bell
Smiting with sudden toll upon the air,—
Sounds which irrevocably say, “ Farewell
To Earth’s bright banquet, that the living share !”
Death here !—when every little breeze comes laden
(The wing’d page of delight) with offerings rare ;
Scent of some flower, or song of flower-like maiden :—
Go to the city, dreamer—Death is there !

II.

Soft clouds are on the sky,—the sun behind,
Making a gladsome, yet a tranquil day,—
Along the hills in calm procession wind,
Each after each, bright gleam and shadow gray :
I hear the waters in the distance falling,—
I hear the young leaves at their whispering play,—
I hear the cuckoo on his own voice calling,—
Speak not of Death—nor here—nor, oh ! to day.

III.

Here, and to day :—in yon green smiling bower
He hath been busy—he hath fed his dart
Not with the bird, the fair lamb, or the flower,—
Human the victim—youthful the stilled heart !
And grief is busy now amongst the living,—
As in a vineyard doth he play his part ;
Crushing the clusters of the soul, till heaving
With sudden and strong impulse, forth tears start,—

IV.

The bitter wine of tears ;—tears shed by men,
Timeworn and hardy—men who had not sighed
Themselves to sleep, and never wake again ;—
Men, who for wife or babe had smiling died :
And women, too, with thoughts more softly flowing,
Give him their tears—that lost one of the glen !
As by their homes the solemn train is going,
The requiem mixed with songs of lark and wren.

V.

Yet joy for thee, young sleeper, joy for thee !
Lovely and pleasant was thy little life ;
Not with frail charm of flower, or russet bee,
Nor yet of boyish gladsomeness and strife :—
Better and holier was the beauty lying,
Shrined in thy bosom, like a pearl i' th' sea,—
So thou art dead, and so thou fear'dst not dying,
Thy God thy glory—wherefore weep for thee ?

THE STRANGER'S TIDINGS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

He left his Christian friends and native strand,
By pity for benighted man constrained ;
His heart was fraught with charity unfeigned,
His life was strict, his manners meek and bland :
Long dwelt he lonely in a Heathen land,
In want and weariness—and there he died !

PRINCI

I.

“ I deemed it he—for each word thou hast spoken
His image to my drooping fancy gave ;
But now I know it by this precious token,—
This holy Book, which I at parting gave ;
And he hath kept his plighted word unbroken,
Thinking upon the boon that I did crave,
Whilst in the joyless wilderness he lay,—
My son, my son, how hast thou passed away !

II.

“ Did I not say, in my unrighteous pride,
Girt by my sons I was a goodly tree,
Spreading its roots and vigorous branches wide—
Alas ! I knew not how I stripped should be !

My eldest by a raging fever died,—
Two in the battle, two upon the sea,—
And last, my youngest hope—the forest bough
Droops o'er his grave, and I am childless now!

III.

“Stranger, repeat thy tidings, word by word,
Nor shall my sorrow interrupt thee more;
For well I see my daily prayers were heard,
And God with blessing made his cup run o'er!”
The stranger answered:—“Like a wounded bird
Which, tangled in the net, essays to soar,
Yet cannot leave its prison-bonds behind,
So fled I to the desert, from mankind.”

IV.

“Long had my soul been vexed with evil men;
They whom I trusted had betrayed my faith;
Therefore, far better seemed it in the den
Of the wild beast to hide my spirit's scathe
Than dwell with man, more cruel far, whose ken
To love, and hope, and simple truth is death;—
I sought the desert, but my soul's despair,
Blasting my peace, went with me, even there.”

V.

“I dwelt among the hunters of the waste,
Seeking in their benighted natures, day—
Vain quest, amid the ignorant and debased!
Then to the unpeopled wilds I fled away,

Still hurrying onward in my bootless haste ;
Or 'neath the o'erarching forest-trees I lay,
Dubious of purpose, miserable and blind,
Seeking for what on earth we may not find.

VI.

" Thus as I lay, in my unquiet mood,
One early morn, beneath a spicy tree,
I heard a low voice, tender and subdued,
Pour forth to God an earnest prayer for me !
I rose, and in a green nook of the wood
Beheld thy son upon his bended knee ;—
Unseen I stood, and each word strong, yet calm,
Fell o'er my spirit like a healing balm.

VII.

" He rose—' And who art thou ? ' amazed I cried,
' How know'st thou my soul's darkness and distress
' My brother,' he with fervent voice replied,
' I am a dweller in the wilderness,
And oft in forest-wilds and caves abide ;
And thus, one eve, o'erspent with weariness,
I heard thy plaints—my native tongue I heard,
And my heart burned within me at each word.

VIII.

" ' From that day, vainly have I sought for thee,
With yearning love, in many a lonely spot,
Troubling my soul with fond anxiety,
Even as a mother—though thou know'st it not ;

For in my heart I felt that thou wouldst be
A blessing to this desert,—and I sought
To God in prayer for thee, each opening day,
That as a cloud, thy grief might pass away.

IX.

“ ‘ For love of the poor children of the wild,
I left my father’s house and native strand,
From cultured minds and home delights exiled ;—
And God hath blessed my labours in this land ;
Yet have I pined as a bereaved child
For kindred bonds,—and felt my heart expand
With an unbounded love for thee, whose face
Is as a brother’s, in this lonely place !’

X.

“ ‘ T was thus we met, and strong our friendship grew :
My heart was changed, we laboured side by side,—
His very tone was like refreshing dew
That sheds its mild and genial influence wide,
And his meek, joyful spirit, round him threw
Gladness like sunshine ; yet at times a tide
Came o’er his heart, of troubling memory,
And his strong soul was bowed recalling thee.

XI.

“ ‘ For thou wast unto him as light and life,
And, next to God, within his soul enshrined ;—
Yet thinking on thy strength, his eye grew bright,
And his heart blessing thee, again resigned,—

For *thou* didst gird him for this holy fight,
And sent him forth, thy last one ! nor repined.
Oh ! blessed mother of a son like him,
Let not thy heart droop, nor thy faith be dim !

XII.

“ Thy soul's desire was answered when he stood,
Amid the swarthy people, 'neath a tree,
In some green opening of the ancient wood ;
When his strong spirit's fervent energy
That foreign tongue with awful power imbued,
Softening each heart, and bending every knee :
God worked by him, the humble, pure, and mild,
Mighty in zeal, yet gentle as a child.

XIII.

“ Man's savage heart was changed where'er he went,
And the bleak desert blossomed as a field ;
For, on their welfare evermore intent,
He taught them how the affluent soil would yield
Abundant harvests ; late and early bent
In wearying toil, and with them sowed and tilled,—
Ay, even when Death had stricken him—when each day
Drooping and weak, I saw him waste away.

XIV.

“ Yet was he not untended—day and night
I watched by him ; and when dark human fear
Clouded his soul, his faith's sublimest light
I gave him back :—God sent me there to cheer

With watchful tenderness his dying sight !

And with a fervent faith, and truth sincere,
Our hearts were bound ; and each unto the other
In those last days was dearer than a brother.

XV.

" But when his earthly course was well nigh run,

The holy fervour of his soul shone out
Brighter than even it before had done ;

And then he knew no shrinking fear, nor doubt—
He saw the fight was o'er; the victory won,

And heard, in faith, the far triumphant shout !
Whilst the poor dwellers of the desert sate
Around him, weeping and disconsolate.

XVI.

" Hundreds came down to gaze upon his face,

To hear once more the gracious words that fell
Like pleasant waters in a barren place,

Soothing that sorrow nought else could dispel.

Then o'er his solemn features beamed a grace,

Such as on human brow doth rarely dwell,
And from his lips fell many an awful word,
Which ne'er shall leave the hearts of those who heard.

XVII.

" Mothers brought down their children, from his hand

To have a blessing ; old men by his side
Knelt in their silent grief ; and many a band

Of mourners sought their streaming tears to hide

In the green thickets—others on the sand
Sate pale and mute, by sorrow stupified :
Many his holy life had taught the faith,
But loftier, mightier was his power in death.

XVIII.

“ They saw the strength in which his soul was stron
They felt the answer to his dying prayer ;
Amazed, they heard his joy-o’erflowing tongue
Of heaven and immortality declare :
And he who was their hope and light so long
Meekly they sought to follow ;—from despair
Confiding faith sprung up, and death was sent
To crown the work in which his life was spent.

XIX.

“ He died,—yet ere he died, he bade me take
The holy Book, a token of his rest,
And bid thee not have sorrow for his sake
Who, with the righteous dead, is surely blest !—
Then, childless mother though thou art ! awake
From darkling dreams, that have thy soul oppress
Awake—put on thy glorious robes—and raise
Unto thy God and his, a song of praise !”

THE NEOPHYTES.

A Tale of the Primitive Christians.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN."

It was not paternal tenderness, but pride, that rendered the young Emilius so precious in the sight of his father, Paulus Licinius, a wealthy Roman senator of patrician rank. Ambition, and an eager desire of aggrandizing his family, were the master passions of Licinius; and to the gratification of these, his heir was indispensably necessary, and an object of the deepest importance; but all the affections of his heart were engrossed by his daughter, the youthful and beautiful Emilia. She was the child of his old age—the sole offspring of the only woman he had ever loved; for his marriage with the mother of Emilius had proceeded from motives of interest alone; and to her he had conducted himself like a stern and imperious master, rather than as a husband, till death dissolved their joyless union. To-

wards her son he had preserved the same cold and haughty air of command, by which his manner to the mother had been characterized; while on his second wife, and his daughter, he had lavished the most unbounded fondness, which, in truth, the amiable qualities of both well deserved. This partiality on the part of his father, however, excited no emotions of jealous displeasure in the heart of Emilius; for his kind step-mother had cherished his childhood with not less than maternal tenderness; and on her death, it had been the study of his life, to repay to her young daughter a part of the deep debt of gratitude he owed to the friend of his infancy, and Emilia was perhaps dearer to him as a memorial of her deceased mother, than on account of her near relationship to himself. He was her instructor, her confidant, her guide, and her sweet familiar friend. It was not possible to imagine a closer bond of amity than that which subsisted between the brother and sister, both of whom were eminently distinguished among their young compeers, by the purity and moral beauty of their lives; although the light of Revelation had never dawned upon them, their love of truth and virtue had prepared their hearts to receive with joy the day-spring from on high.

At the period of the commencement of my narra-

tive, Paulus Licinius shared the consular dignity with the Emperor Trajan, in whose favour he stood so high, that he aspired to nothing less than obtaining for his son the succession to the Empire, which he hoped to accomplish, by means of a marriage between Emilius and Sabina, the grand-niece and adopted daughter of the childless Emperor.

The personal graces, the accomplishments, and the distinguished talents of Emilius, eminently qualified him for becoming a successful actor in this gigantic project for his future advancement. He was, moreover, beloved by the Roman people, esteemed by the Emperor, and suspected of not being wholly indifferent to Sabina herself. To counterbalance these advantages, the Empress Plotina beheld the aspiring Licinius with a jealous eye, and openly espoused the cause of the banished Adrian, the nephew of the Emperor, and the betrothed of Sabina. The crafty Licinius was, however, aware that Adrian was so personally obnoxious to the Emperor, that Plotina could scarcely advocate his interests without prejudicing her own; and he would therefore have experienced little uneasiness on account of her hostility to his design, had he not observed a sudden coldness and disinclination, in a quarter where he had least of all expected to en-

counter difficulties—on the part of Emilius himself; who became thoughtful and abstracted in his manner, both in public and private; neglected to pay his court to the Emperor, and entirely discontinued his attentions to Sabina.

Conduct so inimical to the success of his cherished project, was, of course, exceedingly displeasing to Licinius; but his surprise and anger knew no bounds when Emilius, in reply to his remonstrances, told him plainly, “that his eyes had been opened to the sinfulness of ambition, and the emptiness of all earthly distinctions; that he had lately become aware of the guilt of attempting to supplant the absent Adrian, either in the affections of his betrothed wife, or in the favour of the Emperor, whose natural heir he was; and he had deeply repented of contemplating any scheme for his own advancement, which tended to invade the rights of another.”

This extraordinary change of feeling, the true motives of which Licinius was incapable of appreciating, was suspected by him to originate in some unknown attachment, that Emilius had probably dared to form; and, without putting him upon his guard, by urging him too closely on a subject which might lead to an open breach between them, he secretly resolved to set a stric

watch on the motions of Emilius, and then to adopt such measures as should effectually separate him from any unsuitable connexion.

To unveil the secret causes from which effects so displeasing to the ambitious father of Emilius had proceeded, it will be necessary to retrograde to former events in the life of the young Roman. Some years anterior to this conversation, he had been employed in an honorary office in the service of the Emperor, at Alexandria, in which city the plague broke out soon after his arrival, and in the course of a few days, reduced that once populous abode of wealth and luxury, to a dreary solitude. A sense of duty to his Imperial master prevented Emilius from following the example of such of the Roman authorities as abandoned the death-devoted city; motives of compassion, also, detained him by the sick bed of his tutor Lysander, who was early attacked with this frightful malady, and whom Emilius, feeling it impossible to forsake, attended with the affection of a son, to the hour of his dissolution, and received with his expiring breath, the fatal legacy of the contagion. The terrors of his attendants had now reached a climax, in which humanity and duty were alike forgotten, or overpowered by the strong instinct of self-preservation; and Emilius, whose agonizing

demands for drink, in the burning thirst that consumed him during the long lonely night, had been unanswered, became, with the light of morning, aware of the appalling fact, that he was abandoned by his servants, and left to perish in a house from whence every living creature but himself had departed!

In the horror produced by this dreadful conviction, reason forsook the unfortunate Emilius,—he was for a time sensible of nothing but the increasing violence of his sufferings; and when consciousness returned for a few minutes, it was like the feeble glimmering of an expiring lamp, that only served to reveal a gulf of unfathomable darkness, on the brink of which he appeared to be tottering. The vague and unphilosophical notions of a future state of existence, which he had gathered from the gross and childish mythology of the Greeks and Romans, were not of a nature to satisfy the immortal spirit of an intellectual being, in an hour when its earthly habitation was shaken to its foundation. Emilius felt their fallacy, and in the sore travail of his soul, stretched forth his hands for help, to the unseen, unknown Author of his existence, and supplicated his assistance with unutterable groanings.

About the close of this agonizing day, the young

Roman became sensible through all his wanderings, from time to time, of the appearance of a venerable man, with a white beard and benign aspect, by his bedside, who dispensed medicine to him that evidently alleviated the acuteness of his sufferings: and he was occasionally conscious also, of the visits of a young female of exquisite beauty, who sometimes sat beside him for hours together, administered to all his wants, soothed him with soft words of comfort and encouragement, and murmured prayers in his behalf, to that unseen God, on whom he had himself been impelled to call in the terrific hour of desertion and mortal anguish.

For many days while he vibrated between life and death, this lovely watcher by the pillow of the sick continued her visits; and Emilius, who began to revive beneath her tender care, as the summer parched flower, on whose drooping leaves the soft showers of evening are shed, recovers its freshness, was disposed to regard her in the light of a compassionate nymph or good genius, and to attribute his advances to convalescency, to her divine intervention in his favour. These ideas,—which her singular beauty, and the mysterious manner in which he had found her hovering round his feverish bed, tended to fix on a mind that had not yet recovered its

healthful tone,—were strengthened by the sudden disappearance of his lovely nurse, just at the period when his utter helplessness had left him. Long and anxiously did he expect her return; but she came no more; neither did the venerable man, whom Emilius had at times supposed to be her father, repeat his visits; and Emilius vainly wearied himself with conjectures on the subject.

The terrors of the pestilence were now in some measure abated, and the house of Emilius was that day visited by some of his friends, who were desirous of ascertaining his fate: their astonishment was great at finding him still living; and when he appeared once more in the deserted streets of the depopulated city, he was regarded by his fellow men with wonder, as if one had come forth from the tombs, who had long been reckoned with the dead.

Among the sad survivors who had escaped the fury of the plague, Emilius heard much of the benevolence and self-devotion, with which a certain Syrian physician named Esdras, and his beautiful daughter Anna, had visited the sick, and dispensed medicine and nourishment to those, who had been deserted even by their nearest ties of kindred.

They alone had risen superior to the general terror which this fatal malady inspired; and with a

determined heroism that put to shame the boasted courage of warriors and rulers, regardless of all personal danger, they had entered the very focus of infection, and braved the pestilence in its most malignant forms, to render assistance to their suffering fellow creatures; yet it was feared that they had themselves, at last, fallen victims to its fury, since they had suddenly disappeared, and no one could account for their absence, unless it proceeded from this too probable cause.

Emilius listened with the deepest interest to these relations; for the coincidence of circumstances impressed him with the idea, that these might possibly be the mysterious visitants, to whose unlooked for succour he was indebted for the preservation of his life. He offered large rewards to any person who would bring him certain intelligence respecting them, and was also unremitting in his personal exertions either to discover them or to learn their fate, but in vain; and he remained oppressed with melancholy, and busied in ceaseless speculations on the subject, till he was recalled to Rome by the Emperor. Fresh honours and important employments awaited him in the imperial city. Time passed away; he regained health and strength, and with them the buoyant elasticity of youthful spirits began to return

also. He gathered laurels in the Dacian war; and the tumultuous occupations—the perils and glories of the hard campaign, diverted his thoughts from dwelling incessantly on the memory of beings, which appeared to have faded away like the other pleasing phantasies that had haunted his feverish couch, and he began at length to doubt whether they were indeed otherwise than the creations of his own over-excited fancy; yet there were moments in which the bright but shadowy reminiscences of the unknown beauty that had interposed between him and death would steal over his soul; and sometimes he delighted to imagine himself, like Numa Pompilius, beloved of the nymph Egeria, or some other inhabitant of the ærial world; but constant and active occupation in the affairs of the empire, left him little leisure for mysticism, and his father at length unfolded to him his gigantic project for future advancement. Emilius was at first overpowered by its presumption. He mused upon it, and it did not appear so wholly unreasonable, especially when he recollected the many marks he had received of the favour of the royal Sabina. Emilius was neither devoid of vanity nor ambition. The idea of swaying the sceptre of the Roman empire—an empire which extended over all the nations of the known world

was sufficiently intoxicating to a youthful warrior; and he was already beginning to consider himself as the future Cæsar, when an unexpected incident occasioned that sudden revulsion in his feelings, which we have already recorded.

He was returning to Rome, one evening, from his father's Campanian villa, when he was roused from a pleasing reverie, by a piercing cry for help. It was a woman's shriek; and Emilius, to whom such an appeal was never made in vain, hastened to the spot whence it proceeded, and succeeded in rescuing a young female from the power of two ruffians, after a short, but fierce encounter, for both attacked the young patrician with vindictive fury. Emilius, who was possessed of great personal strength and activity, as well as courage, and was also a perfect master of his weapon, soon disabled one of his assailants, and put the other to flight. The lady then advanced to thank him for his courageous interposition in her behalf, and, throwing back her veil, revealed to his wondering gaze, the beautiful and unforgotten countenance of her, who had been his attendant during his sickness at Alexandria. Yes! it was the same;—her, whom he had at length wrought upon himself to consider either as a bright creature of his own imagination, or a

celestial visitant, who had brought health and comfort to his sick couch, and having performed her compassionate mission, had departed for ever to her home of immortality.

Silently she stood, in mortal mould and woman's loveliness, looking pale—perhaps from the effects of recent terror, and the wan light of the moon, that silvered her polished brow, and tinged her white garments with radiance—but more passing fair than aught Emilius had ever beheld of female beauty.

Their recognition was mutual; and in reply to his eager demand of the cause of her so suddenly withdrawing herself from his sick chamber at Alexandria, she informed him, “that she had herself taken the infection of the plague, and in so malignant a degree as to engross her father's attention entirely for many days, and when, through the mercy of the Most High, she had been raised up, she had accompanied her father to Rome, whither he had been summoned to attend a beloved brother, who was labouring under a dangerous disease.

Emilius, in the excess of his delight in beholding his lovely nurse once more, would have thrown himself at her feet, and poured forth his grateful acknowledgments for her benevolent care of him, with all the eloquence of youthful passion, but she

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bade him refrain from addressing a creature of perishing clay in the language of idolatry. "Much rather," she continued, "assist me in extending timely succour to yon unhappy man, who will otherwise perish from loss of blood."

Emilius gazed upon her with increasing wonder as she knelt beside the wounded ruffian, and having torn her white veil into bandages, she staunched the effusion of blood, bound up his wounds, and bade him "depart in peace and sin no more, lest a worse thing should befall him."

"What," said Emilius, "can have induced you to render such benevolent offices to one who would have offered you so great an outrage?"

"Obedience to the precepts of my heavenly Master," she replied; "for I am a Christian."

Had the lovely stranger uttered words of shame and sin, Emilius could scarcely have heard them from her lips with greater horror; for the name of a Christian was held in universal contempt and abhorrence among the benighted people of Rome. Like their crucified Lord, the followers of the gospel were despised and rejected of those, to whom they were the messengers of good tidings and news of peace. They were exposed to bitter mockings, cruel scourgings, and shameful deaths; they were

persecuted, afflicted, tormented; and, if the barbarous Romans required any thing still more exciting than their atrocious amusement of a "shew of gladiators," it was that of beholding Christians torn in pieces by wild beasts in the blood-stained amphitheatre.

Was this bright creature indeed one of those despised people? Emilius attempted to remonstrate with her on the subject; but she replied by lamenting his own blindness to truths, which she assured him all the power and riches of a thousand worlds would not bribe her to forego; and as they proceeded together towards the imperial city, she gave him a simple but comprehensive account of the doctrines of the Christian faith. Emilius listened with earnest attention, for he ardently desired a knowledge of truth; and he had been convinced in the perilous season of his sickness at Alexandria, that the religion established at Rome was like a broken reed, on which no man could lean for support in the hour of death. The serious impressions which he had then received, had since been weakened and partly destroyed, by the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of ambition and pleasure; yet new light appeared breaking in upon his spirit at every word uttered by his young and

eloquent teacher; and when she stopped at a lowly house in the suburbs, where she said her father resided, he pressed her hand at parting, and said, "I will hear thee again on this matter."

"Nay, noble Emilius, imperil not thy immortal soul by vain delay," exclaimed the enthusiastic Christian. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!"

She then invited him to enter, and hear her father on the subject, who was, she said, from his great learning and eloquence, better qualified to instruct him in the faith than herself.

Emilius did not require a second invitation to follow his fair guide, who introduced him into the presence of the same venerable man that had so often appeared in his chamber, while sick of the plague at Alexandria.

"Anna, my child, thou art late in thy return from thy sick friend, at Campania," said Esdras; for it was indeed that benevolent physician, who now, folding carefully together the roll of the Scriptures, which he was studying by the light of a lamp, advanced to greet his daughter. Anna replied by relating the perils from which she had been rescued by Emilius, whom she presented to her father as her deliverer. "Young Roman, thy face

was not so blooming when last we met," said Esdras, attentively perusing the lineaments of his guest.

"Our recognition of each other, then, is mutual," replied Emilius, who hastened to express his overflowing gratitude for the succour which both father and daughter had extended towards him in his season of sore distress; but Esdras, gently interrupting him, said, "It was but a bare performance of the will of my heavenly Master, to whom even the best are but unprofitable servants."

It was of that heavenly Master that Emilius was prepared to hear; and Esdras spent the night in reading and explaining to him the Holy Scriptures. A full and satisfactory conviction of the truth of the Christian doctrine in the breast of the young Roman was the result. A new heart and a new spirit appeared infused into him; and he exclaimed, "I believe; what hindereth me from receiving the seal of baptism?"

Esdras clasped the noble convert to his bosom in a holy transport; and Anna, sinking on her knees, returned thanks to God, for having added another soul to the number of those, who through faith in Christ had passed from death into life. The dawn of that very morning beheld the rite of baptism administered to Emilius; and from that day the noble

Neophyte became a constant attendant at the private assemblies of the members of the Christian church at Rome, and a frequent visitor at the house of Eadras, where at length he was considered as the betrothed husband of Anna, in whose holy converse he became daily wiser unto eternal life.

What were glory, ambition, and all the coveted distinctions of this world, in comparison with the perfect peace and heavenward hopes which Emilius now enjoyed? A veil appeared to have fallen from his eyes, and he beheld the utter worthlessness of the perishable things on which his desires had hitherto been fixed. As for his father's project for his succession to the Imperial purple, he regarded it as a frightful abyss, the mouth of which had been artfully covered with roses; and when he contemplated the horrors of a civil war, which would undoubtedly have resulted from Adrian's just displeasure at the invasion of all his rights, he blessed God that he had been spared the crime of desolating his native land with the bloodshed which their rival claims must have occasioned; and he besought his father to abandon a design so fraught with mischief and iniquity. Licinius listened to his reasoning with contemptuous anger, for he had discovered, by means of his emissaries, the almost daily visits which

Emilius paid to the house of Esdras, whose beautiful daughter was suspected of being the magnet that drew him thither; yet though the wrath of Licinius was excited to a degree of the most deadly fury against those, whom he considered had been the means of infatuating his heir, and rendering him refractory to his paternal authority, and cold to the magnificent destiny he had planned for him, he dared not, all powerful as he was, do aught against them, for he was aware that Esdras enjoyed the favour and protection of the Empress Plotina, whom he had cured of a painful and dangerous malady; and though she had rejected the more precious medicine, which he had offered for her immortal soul, she was so grateful for the cure he had wrought in her perishing body, that whoever should have struck at either him or his daughter, would have drawn the whole weight of her imperial displeasure upon themselves.

Licinius took a safer way of compassing their destruction, even by poisoning the ear of Trajan against the whole body of Christians, indiscriminately, whom he represented as movers of sedition, and troublers of the established order of things. He pointed out the profound secrecy that attended their meetings, and so artfully tempered his tale to

the jealous ear of a despotic prince, that Trajan was exasperated to those bloody acts of persecution against the church of Christ, which have left a spot of indelible blackness on the otherwise glorious annals of his reign.

So sudden, so overwhelming was the storm that burst over the unfortunate Christians, that the whole body appeared devoted to destruction, through the malice of a private individual against two of their number; yet these peculiar objects of his murderous hatred, constantly eluded his vengeance. It appeared as if an overruling Providence had guarded and hedged them about, for he vainly searched for them among the number of those, who had from time to time been surprised while assembled together for the purpose of divine worship. More than suspecting Emilius of being a frequenter of these assemblies, Licinius deemed it necessary to provide for his safety before the work of death commenced, by sending him to Sicily, on a business which he trusted would detain him at a distance from Rome, till his bloody purpose against the Christians was accomplished; but his calculation had deceived him; for when, accompanied by the Emperor's freedman Apollodorus, his barbarous coadjutor in the persecution, Licinius burst in upon an assembly of Chris-

tians, whom he had, like a blood-hound, tracked to a long concealed place of worship, the first object that greeted his eyes, was the stately figure of his son, kneeling before the altar of God, with other pious Christians, who were preparing to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper! Emilius was supporting on his bosom the drooping head of a young female, who had fainted from terror, on the breaking in of the savage soldiers. The rage of Licinius exceeded all bounds at this sight, and he exclaimed in a furious voice, "This then is the sorceress, the witch, who hath infatuated my son—seize her—tear her from his arms!"

He was but too fatally obeyed. Emilius, who had half drawn his sword from its sheath, to defend his fair burthen, whom he fondly encircled with his other arm, was overpowered and disarmed, and Licinius, snatching a torch from the hand of one of his followers, approached the spot, and turned a basilisk glance of hatred and curiosity on the pale face of his youthful victim, and beheld—not the daughter of Esdras—but his own, his beautiful, his beloved Emilia, who was arrayed in the white robe of a Neophyte, having that day been added to the church of Christ. Neither Esdras nor Anna were present; the former having been summoned

to the assistance of the Empress, who was sick at Ostia, and the latter had accompanied her father, meaning to throw himself at the feet of her Imperial mistress, and implore her pity for the suffering Christians, and her powerful interposition with the Emperor in their behalf; and thus were both preserved, once more, from the fury of their enemy, who, having dug a pit for others, had destroyed by it those that were dearest to his own soul.

Licinius stood for a moment overwhelmed and paralysed; he looked from his son to his daughter, with a wild and glaring eye, like a feverish dreamer. He attempted to speak, to command their release; but the words died away upon his lips—the whole scene swam before him in misty confusion, and he sank down in a swoon at the feet of his children.

Apollodorus, though associated with him in the work of blood, was, in secret, his deadly foe, and cruelly rejoicing in the calamity of his rival, he commanded Emilius and his sister to be loaded with fetters, and thrust into the common prison, with their devoted companions, while Licinius was yet insensible: then hastening to the Emperor, he informed him, with every circumstance of aggravation that might tend to shut his ear against a father's petition, that the son and daughter of Licinius were

both found assisting at one of the secret assemblies held by the Christians, for the purpose of undermining his imperial government.

The mind of Trajan was thus prepared to reject the agonizing suit, which Licinius soon after preferred to him, for the lives of his two children; and he coldly told him, "that justice would not permit him to except his son and daughter from the sweeping decrees that had been made against the Christians, at his own instigation. The blood of hundreds had been poured forth, through his representations; and since his own family had been four among the proscribed sect, against which such severe decrees had been lately enacted, it was fit that they should suffer the penalty, which they had negligently incurred."

The distracted father had no arguments to oppose to the stern impartiality of the Emperor. The destruction that he had plotted for others had fallen upon himself. He had sown the whirlwind, and was meet that he should reap the storm. The storm, which he had conjured up by a thousand guileful machinations, to remove the innocent obstacles to his ambitious projects for the aggrandisement of his house, had burst over his own head and laid that house in ruins. A mighty overruling

power had frustrated all his dark devices, and preserved his intended victims from the fate he designed for them.

In the bitterness of his self-upbraidings, Licinius shrunk from the task of visiting his children in the prison, though both earnestly solicited for a parting interview with him, and he remained in a state bordering on frenzy, till the day appointed for their execution arrived.

The morning light beheld a tumultuous hurrying of all sorts and conditions of people to the amphitheatre, which was, as usual, appointed for the scene of martyrdom; thither, also, rushed the miserable father, who suddenly awoke from his absorbing state of abstraction, impelled to take a farewell look of that son and daughter, who had once rendered him the proudest parent in Rome,—but now the most wretched. Had Emilia been a virgin, there might have been a hope of preserving her life; but, alas! she had been given in marriage and left a widow in the same week, a few months anterior to this period. She had exchanged her widow's garments for the white robe of the Neophyte; and she entered the fatal arena still arrayed in it, like a bride wearing her nuptial garments; nor was her calm firmness surpassed even by the heroic de-

meanour of her brother,—for they advanced, side by side, with the air of conquerors, who, having fought the good fight, press forward to receive the victor's crown.

They were appointed to suffer death the first of the devoted train ; but Emilia besought her brother “that she might precede him to the fatal block, lest the sight of his blood might unnerve her woman's heart, and cause her to falter in the trying moment.

“It shall be even as you desire, my sister,” returned Emilius, embracing her. “The precedence is glorious, but I resign it to you.”

A general murmur of pity and admiration ran through the assembled spectators, when the executioner removed her veil, and prepared to cut off her beautiful hair. Her brother started, and appeared about to interpose ; but Emilia, raising her meek eyes to his face, said, in a persuasive tone, “Suffer thus far.”

The agony of the unhappy Licinius had nearly reached its climax when he beheld those lovely ringlets falling dishonoured in the dust, severed from the graceful head of his daughter by the vile hands of the lictor. The executioner then bound her eyes with a black fillet, and guided her to the fatal spot and the innocent girl kneeling down, felt with her

fair hands to find the block, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit, and forgive my murderers!" when, at the moment that the axe gleamed over the youthful victim, the work of death was arrested by the cry, "A pardon from the Emperor, for the Christians!"

These tidings were received by the spectators with an acclamation of joy so loud, that it was answered by every echo in the Seven-Hilled City: but it did not reach the ear of Licinius,—for he had sunk as from a blow, and died of mortal anguish, when he beheld the axe suspended over his beloved daughter.

At an auspicious moment, the celebrated letter of the mild and virtuous Pliny in behalf of the persecuted Christians, had reached the hands of his imperial friend. This testimony to the purity and innocence of the lives of the sufferers, joined to the solicitations of the Empress, who had graciously received Anna's supplications, induced the excellent Trajan to stop the execution of those under sentence of death;—so that the conscience-stricken author of all that the Christians had suffered, was the only victim who died that day on the dreadful arena which had been expected to reek with the blood of the Christian martyrs!

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

BY S. C. HALL.

I.

STRANGE, that the Wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree ;
To rage or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still :
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and the sky in strife ;
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night ;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to day,
What to morrow it ruthless rends away !

II.

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul, and gladden the eye

At morn, its child is the pride of spring,—
At night, a shrivelled and loathsome thing !
To day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To morrow, it shrinks to a useless death ;
Strange does it seem, that the sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy !

III.

Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow,—
To bear on its placid breast at morn,
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest-torn ;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck, within sight of home ;
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door ;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behold him land !

IV.

But, stranger than all, that Man should die
When his plans are formed, and his hopes are high :
He walks forth a lord of the earth to day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay !
He is born in sorrow, and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labour in vain ;

And all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe ;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

V.

Alas ! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees ;
That the wind is not ever a gentle breath,—
That the sun is often the bearer of death,—
That the ocean wave is not always still,—
And that life is chequered with good and ill ;—
If we know 't is well such change should be,
What do we learn from the things we see ?—
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not *wonder* nor *murmur*, but *hope* and *trust*

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

II.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

I.

'Tis noon—the sun is in the sky;
And from his broad and burning ray
To groves and glens the shepherds fly
Where welcome shade excludes the day;
Or rest, where sparkling waters play
Like fairy streams of liquid gold—
Such as mysterious legends say,
Around the Fire-King's palace rolled.

II.

Behold yon scattered group recline
Beneath a tall oak's ample shade;
A form of manly port benign,
And one, who seems a loveliest maid,

Save that within her arms is laid,
An Infant, like his mother fair ;
Though never earth-born babe displayed
Such beauties, as are blended there.

III.

No tints of healthful crimson glow
In that fair Infant's polished cheek ;
Paler his brow than mountain snow,
His dove-like eyes—serenely meek.
No smiles around his lips bespeak
The joy of heart to childhood given ;
But vain, O vain it were to seek
For charms of earth in Child of Heaven !

IV.

For this is He, the Mystic Child !
Yea, this the Virgin's promised Son !
Behold the Mother undefiled !
Behold her babe—the Holy One !
And do they wander forth alone,
By Israel slighted or forgot ;
And, when the Highest seeks " his own,"
Do even " his own " receive him not ?

V.

Yes!—from a despot's fell decree,
To seek a foreign home they fly;
And, EGYPT, once again in thee
Shall dwell the Holy Family.—
Where erst in bitter slavery
Sad Israel mourned his joyless doom;
There shall he now his Light descry;
Thence shall his God, his Glory come!

VI.

O happy Mother!—happiest far
Of all who felt a Mother's throes;—
What though no more the Mystic Star
Above thy path through darkness glows?—
When gazing on the calm repose
Of Him, thy cherished Babe divine;
The bliss earth's fondest Mother knows,
O can it give a thought of thine?

THE CHARACTER OF NICODEMUS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

NICODEMUS was a man of the highest rank among the Jews, and a Pharisee of great reputation for his learning and piety. He is described in the Gospel as a ruler, or magistrate, and as a member of their high court of Sanhedrim, or parliament; and the ancient books of the Jews are full of strange and improbable stories as to his wealth, his magnificent liberality, and the wonderful manner in which his prayers were supposed to be heard by God. His substance was calculated as sufficient to feed all Jerusalem for seven years; his daughter's marriage-bed was, in ostentation of wealth, built up with purses of money; his liberality was esteemed to be as unbounded as his means of being liberal; and so great was his reputation for piety, that his prayers were, on more than one occasion, believed by the Jews to have wrought miracles, and called down rain from heaven. These stories are, doubtless,

improbable; nor do they rest on any better authority than the traditions of the Rabbins and the Pharisees; but, wild as they are, they prove at least the high estimation in which he was held, insomuch that the riches of Nicodemus, and the subsequent misfortunes of his family, became a sort of proverb, to express the excess and the uncertainty of worldly prosperity.

A grave, and learned, and wealthy, and renowned man, with so much to hazard from any change, and so naturally disposed to favour the present state of things, was not likely to be forward in embracing a new religion, or one which was only recommended by so poor and so young a teacher as our Lord. Besides, as yet, not one of those with whom Nicodemus was most accustomed to associate—none of those whose good opinion he chiefly valued—none of the Jews—none of the rich—none of the learned—had ventured openly to confess their suspicions that this strange Galilean whom they persecuted, was, after all, that Messiah which should come into the world; and Nicodemus, it is possible, had joined as loudly as the rest of his brother magistrates, in discountenancing the new prophet, and his forerunner, John, and in deriding the poor fishermen and silly women, who believed in the miracles which Jesus performed.

It is probable, nevertheless, that this ruler of the Jews had been for some time uneasy in his mind. It was impossible for a man so well acquainted with the law and the prophets, not to observe that the man of Nazareth did all the works, and displayed all the tokens, which Moses and the prophets had foretold of the Messiah; and his rank and leisure gave him every opportunity of learning the particulars of the Lord's miraculous birth, and of the circumstances by which his early life was rendered remarkable. He had, doubtless, heard from the Herodians and themselves, the visit of the Wise Men of the East, and the fears which that visit excited. This must have been seen by all Judea; and he himself, perhaps, for he was of advanced age, was present at the answers of young Jesus in the Temple. He saw the events, the manner in which St. John the Baptist proclaimed him the Lamb of God, was known in Judea and Galilee; and the wonderful works which Jesus wrought, were of a kind not to be conceived nor to be performed by any man, unless the aid and presence of God were with him.

As these reflections recurred daily with increasing strength to the mind of Nicodemus, his perplexity must have increased in proportion. He would

sider with himself, whether, if Jesus were really the Christ, the Messiah that was expected by the Jews, he were justified in delaying to fall down and worship him—if he were really the Lamb of God who was to take away the sins of the world, what might be his punishment if he neglected this great salvation?

Such meditations might frequently occupy his mind; but to obey the conviction gradually implanted in his soul, involved the sacrifice of much reputation,—great danger to his rank and esteem in society,—and, when the temper of the times was considered, the loss of his property, and perhaps of life itself. Nicodemus was not one of those who are ready to abandon riches and reputation for the sake of God, and to enter naked into the kingdom of life; he durst not own Christ publicly, yet he could not help believing on him; and after, it may be, much inward struggle between his fear of the world and his conviction of the truth, he has recourse to the usual expedient of cowardice—he comes by night to Jesus, and professes himself his disciple privately.

In his manner of doing this, and in the conversation which followed, may be perceived much of that pride of rank and riches which was likely to possess

the mind of a nobleman;—much of that confidence in his own learning and in his own virtues, to which the Pharisees were but too liable;—and in our Saviour's subsequent discourse, his intention of humbling both these feelings in the heart of his new disciple, is, I think, evident.

Nicodemus, perhaps, was of opinion, that when so mighty and so wise a man as he was, came to Christ and owned himself his disciple, the Prophet would be willing to accept so eminent a convert on his own terms; that he would not insist on his submitting to the usual and public ceremonies of his faith; but that in private, and without revealing his secret, Jesus would gladly admit him to far more favour and confidence than those poor Galileans who were, as yet, his principal followers. Nor, had Jesus been a deceiver, a mere human teacher of righteousness, would he have scrupled at a measure so evidently conducive to his interest; nor, in such a case, would even that haughty compliment have been improper, with which the ruler opened his visit.

“Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do the miracles which thou doest, except God be with him.” These were, undoubtedly, flattering words from the wealthy and the powerful; but on the Son of God, no such lip-

ousness would impose. Interrupting him in unfinished speech, he discovers at once his edge of what was passing in the mind of his it, and reminds him that he had not yet gone h those precious pledges of sincerity and re-ice, which alone could admit men to familiarity Christ. With remarkable earnestness, while g his visitant's soul, he detects the blended and cowardice which struggled with his faith, made him only half a Christian; he replies, ily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

odemus, as a learned Jew, must have been acquainted with the meaning of "the kingdom d," and he must have been no less so with rase, "being born again," which was a com-expression, both among the Jews and Gentiles, nify that inward and entire change of heart abits, of which baptism was the outward sym-pledge, and which both Jews and Gentiles ed from those, who were candidates for admis-nto the higher privileges and mysteries of their tive forms of worship. The heathens them- had the custom of sprinkling with water who gave themselves up to the worship of f their gods, and the person who submitted to

this ceremony, was said to be born again, and to become the child of that deity to whom he consecrated his after life. The Normans, when they set a slave at liberty, called that ceremony, the "regeneration" of the slave; and the same name was given by the Jews to that baptism by which heathens and idolaters, and excommunicated persons, were admitted to the profession of the laws of Moses.

Our Saviour's meaning was (and Nicodemus could not but understand it), to reprove his visitant for thus privately confessing a faith in which he ought to have gloried; and to remind him, that if he sought to be a disciple of the Messiah, he must first go to his apostles and be baptised. But this, however, little suited the ruler's inclination. To make so public a profession of an unpopular faith, was discreditable, and might be dangerous (for baptism, by a tradition of the Jews, was always performed in the day time, and before witnesses). To humble himself, and receive the pledge of adoption from a publican like Matthew, or such mean Galileans as John, or James, or Peter, was, to a ruler, shocking, and in the eyes of a Pharisee and doctor of the law, an almost impious degradation. And to own himself a sinner and impure, to profess that his whole nature required a change, and to undergo that cere-

mony, which was the seal of confession and forgiveness, to repentant idolaters, or publicans, or harlots, appeared to this self-righteous man, a strange and unnecessary proposal. A great deal, I think, of surprised and disappointed pride is perceptible in his reply, "How can a man be born again when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?"

He thus endeavours to evade the obvious application of our Saviour's words; and he urges, in answer to this command of Christ's, his age, his high character, his privileges, as a native Israelite and a descendant of Abraham; and endeavours to persuade Jesus, that a man of his age and consequence, and respectability, could have no need of baptism, or of that repentance and change of life and habits, of which baptism was the sign. "How can a man be born again when he is old?"—Dost thou suppose that at my age, a doctor of the laws and a master in Israel, I want any change of this sort? What tedious ceremonies, or probation can I submit to, old as I am? How long will thou keep me in the same dependence and humility which we expect of children, or heathen converts? What yet is wanting to a descendant of Abraham like myself? Can I make myself any more a child of promise

than I am already? "Can I enter a second time into my mother's womb?" from which former birth I became an heir of Israel, and the countryman, perhaps the kinsman, of the Messiah! "Verily, verily," our Lord again replies, "I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." As if he had said—Alas! old man, many things are necessary to make thee a child of God, of which thou hast as yet but little notion: not only is the outward sacrament of regeneration by water required, but a great and spiritual change, altogether distinct from those privileges on which thou layest so great a stress, of the birthright of a Jew, and thy descent from Abraham. "That which is born of flesh is flesh." From thy mother's womb, of which thou talkest, thou hast only derived a fleshly life; those Jewish promises, which thou inheritest, and wherein thou boastest thyself, are all of a worldly nature, and flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. "That which is born of the spirit is spirit," and the birth of the spirit only can introduce thee to the spiritual privileges in which the kingdom of God consists. "Marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born again;" nor dream, that because thou art born a Jew, thou hast, by that national

birth, an exclusive title to the kingdom. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." As if he had said, Canst thou direct, or comprehend the course of the wind of Heaven? Canst thou command its free and blessed breezes to visit the Jews alone? Yea, thou knowest not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; but thou hearest the sound thereof—that sound which is gone forth into all lands, and as far as the ends of the earth. Can earthly wisdom find it, or can the works of man produce it? No, it bloweth where it listeth; and Jew and Greek, Pharisee and Idolater, are born of the spirit, they know not how, and are purified by its invisible influence, which is known only by its effects, and the fruit that it generates.

The surprise of Nicodemus was now no longer feigned or querulous: that the privileges of the blood of Abraham should be accounted for nothing, and that the revelation of God's will should spread, like the mind, from one corner of heaven to the other—these, to a Pharisee, were indeed unexpected truths, and he replies in wonder, "How can these things be?" Yet, in truth, these very circumstances were all foretold by the prophets as proofs of the

Messiah's coming: and it was foretold, that the gathering of the Gentiles should be to Him: it was foretold, that His coming was like a refiner's fire, to renew the hearts of his people: and the ignorance which Nicodemus displayed as to these signs of the times, is a satisfactory proof how much the Pharisees had left off the study of the Scriptures for the vanity of traditions, and the useless scruples of outward forms of devotion or reverence. They pored over the commentaries of the Scribes, till they forgot Isaiah and Moses; they washed their cups, and strained out the gnats, and made broad their phylacteries, till the real glories, of which their ceremonies were but a shadow, were hidden altogether from their eyes. Well then might Christ exclaim against Nicodemus, "Art thou a master in Israel, and art thou not yet familiar with the prophets? Much, indeed, hast thou to learn and to unlearn before thou canst be my disciple; and far art thou, to whom the outward signs of Christ's coming are thus new and strange, from being able to understand the mysteries of the kingdom of God."

This wise and powerful, and, on the whole, perhaps, well-meaning man, was rejected as a convert by Christ, because he thought himself too pure to need baptism and repentance, and because he did

not dare to avow his faith publicly, lest the loss of station, wealth, and character, should be the consequence. As long as our Saviour lived, Nicodemus had never sufficient courage to join his disciples,—but when he saw the fulfilment of His prophecy, and beheld the Son of Man lifted up like the serpent of Moses, as he had foretold in the concluding part of their conversation, this proof of His divinity overcame his doubts, and we behold him coming boldly forward to celebrate His burial with a late, though sincere repentance. How much must he then have lamented his own tardiness,—how much have hated himself for that cowardice, which was ashamed of the Messiah, while he might have gazed on His countenance, and listened to His words; and how greatly must he have feared, lest his day of grace was gone by for ever!

THE OFFERING.

BY JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them
that are sanctified.

HEB. x. 14.

I.

WITH blood—but not his own—the awful sign
At once of sin's desert and guilt's remission,
The Jew besought the clemency Divine,
The hope of mercy blending with contrition.
Sin must have death ! Its holy requisition
The Law may not relax. The opening tomb
Expects its prey ; mere respite, life's condition ;
Nor can the body shun its penal doom.
Yet, there is mercy : wherefore else delay
To punish ? Why the victim and the rite ?
But can the type and symbol take away
The guilt, and for a broken law requite ?
THE CROSS unfolds the mystery.—Jesus died :
The sinner lives : the Law is satisfied !

II.

With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near
The mercy-seat, and Heaven received his prayer.
Yet still his hope was dimmed by doubt and fear :
“ If Thou shouldst mark transgression, who might dare
To stand before thee ? ” Mercy loves to spare
And pardon : but stern justice has a voice,
And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
Uncleanness in the people of his choice.
But now *ONE OFFERING*, ne’er to be renewed,
Hath made our peace for ever.—This now gives
Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace.
No more base fear and dark disquietude.
He who was slain—the Accepted Victim!—lives,
And intercedes before the Father’s face.

THE AYMSTRIE NIGHTE BELL.

BY THE REV. E. BAINES, M. A.

Beware from ire, that in thy bosom slepeth,
Ware fro the serpent, that so silyly crepeth
Under the grass, and stingeth subtilly.

CHAUCER.

THEY have but small information of the faire bewties of merrie Englande who know not the pleasaunte vale of Aymstrie. I stode, with mine auncient fere Hugh Maurice, beside the river Lugge, that watereth that goodlie valley, and caste mine eyes round on so swete a variete of prospecte as ye may travelles farre and long, and yet behold none to compare with it. For, before us, there was a steep and rockie bank, shooting out with bold front from the water side, whereon tall trees nodded, all bedecked with their spring braverie of blossoms; undernethe which was the river, rolling over the stones with a prettie din, and with so pure and clere a torrent that ye might see the shadoed images of the portlie

oke and large-limbed popler, dauncing as it were amid the brauling gurglets. Afar, where the highe ridge doth slope and decline into the plaine, there be sprede riche and flowerie pastures, amid which the streame, featlie garnished with alder and hazle, doth, in trickes and giddie turns, wanton like a childish impe. And there ye may espie the graye tower of the church of Aymstrie, looking forthe like a hoary gyant from his leafie palais: and manie a goodlie mansion and manie a lowlie cotage bordering the rode, which folkes do report was laide by the old Roman. And far awaye, where the earthe and skye do meet, there is a duskie wall of hugeous hills, which be the beginning of the lande of Wales.

I stode with Hugh Maurice by the river's brim, and we discoursed gravelie and intentlie of the manie turnes and pranks of fortune, that had befel us in the wayward passage of long yeres sithins we had been nurtured together in our careless and joious prime amid the grim halls of Oxenford. Certes I cannot call to mind a time wherein I founde more pleasaunce than whiles I thus communed in soe lovely a spot with the friend of my younge daies,—now, breaking off our talke to watch the gambols of the finnie people in the clere pools and eddies—now beguiling the busie sadness of over-

tasked memorie with listing to the songes of those nimble minstrels of the heven and forest, that warble forth such curious ditties as the conynge no human musician can compasse. It was the last time that ever I met that kinde and courteous friend; but mine eye hath sith watered his monumental stone, when I looked to embrace his living bodie.

Sodenlie, whiles we thus held pleasing converse there broke out from that olde church-tower the sounde of a bell, unlike aught I had heretofore hearde to come from tower or steepel. For it tolke not like for one dead, or for a passing sprite, as for the curfew chime it was yet too soone. I turned me, enquiring-wise, to good Hugh Maurice: "marvel not," quoth he, "that ye be somewhat astonied at the noyse of yon bell. In soothe, at my first coming into this countrie, I marvelled much what it might intend; and if ye care to list an olde historie, that hath been delivered to me worthy of credence, I will repeat to you the cause of the ringing whereat ye wonder."

"That would I heare with much delyte," I answered. Whereupon we tooke seate on a felle tree, where a flowering blacke-thorne fenced off the red glare of the dazzling sunset.

And he began, with a right merry chere,
His tale anon, and saide as ye shall here.

If ye caste your eye athwart the vally, ye plainlie perceve a highe stack of stout chimnies, peering from betwene the chestnut trees. They appertane to an auncient dweling, stronge and castle-fashioned, and fenced with a mote, the which ye will be curiose to inspect ere that ye remove hence, for it is such as is now rarelie to be sene.

Wherefore and by whom it was builded, there is not, that I wot of, record or tradition; neyther doth it concern this historie to knowe. But certes it was whilome held by one Robin A' Courte, head-reve and trustie steward to one of the by-gone Lord Lacies, who swayed no smal portion of these goodlie landes. A man was this Robin, that heard not wel of the countrie round, for it was seyde in common, that let gold and silver but come, and he was not greatlie concerned how it was gotten. Sorelie he wrunge the yeomen and cotagers, ay, oftentimes ere the reckoning should have been made; specialie when his lord, who was over seas, heading of a troope of chivalrie against the heathenesse, was pressing for supplies. And the hundes, and herdegrooms, and baylifs, and such like, who looked to the kine and tilth, had a sore time under Reve

Robin, and dreded him as deth, and loved him soure beere. And now, if ye looke whitherward finger directeth, ye shall see on the slope of the side, at the margent of the wood, a long and topped dwellinge, that seemeth as it would s^e them that be within, the cost and paines of pul it downe. In the time of the which I speke, abiding there an old cherl, of no smal repute sobtil and readie wit, who, out of the depe stubborn soyl of experience, had digged great s^e of wisdom. And whether the keen-witted R inclined not to strive with a wighte that wien wepons no worse than his own, or whether he pr the strong abilitie and discrete judgement of practised a councillor, certes he laid on Ker Peatfield a lighter hande than he was wont; oftentimes would he wend unto The Hollies, as old man's place is yet named, and debate with respecting the breiding of kine and shepe, and dressing of landes, over a browne bowle of no dinarie cyder. And if there were less kind atwene them, of a suretie there was no lack courtesie.

It happed on a November morn, as olde Ker was coming forth from his house, after the break of his faste, that he saw the Reve riding towa him at a briske pace.

"Keneth," quoth he, when he came up, "I wolde have a word with thee." So they turned backe together to the house.

"Here is a goodlie to do," quoth the Reve. My lorde hath sent over Syr Oswald Blake, his man-at-arms, with tydings that his soldyers be in sore plichte for maintenance thro lacke of monie; and that I be instant in urging the tenantrie to paye up all arrerage forthwith, and somewhat in advance moreover, for the pressing necessityes of the winter encamping."

"And is your errand with me to that end?" asked the franklein.

"Naye, goode Peatfield," replied Robin A'Court, "I sholde be lothe to ill convenience so fair and regular a payman as thou. Arreres thou owest nought, and advance of thee I require not. But I woulde faine have thy counsel how to conduct this matter. For wel I know that I, who do but act as I am bidden by him whose servant I am, was looked hardlie on at the last levie of rentage: and there was no smal discontent and murmuring thereat; moreover they talke grievouslie of the hurt which the graine hath had fro' the much wet, and the murrain that hath maltreted their beastes. And I deny not that my lorde hath pressed more heavilie on them than

may litelie be borne. So woulde I blythelie with them in this case, that their and my mas behest be fulfilled with as litel injurie and grievance as may be."

Now olde Keneth was 'ware that this was but fishe forthe how the passions of the countreystode affected. For the Reve knew full well, men spoke not softlie respecting his exactions distresses; and that some had not stinted themselves as though they woulde not longer have a cherle living it over them, and wringing from them winnings of long and harde toyle; nay, they spled not to utter their beliefe, that Lord La needes were but a cloke of pretence to c Robin's base gaines, and other like bruits, w sounded unwelcome in his ears, betokening office about to prove aught but smoothe and fete. You may opine, then, that Keneth needed discretion in replying to his queries, least he should fix a cion on anie, for being the blowers of the coale discontent. He talked of the ill harvesting of late croppes; and the peril that utter starv should be rife among the peasantrie, if their sle stocke were 'minished by unlooked-for cha. And Robin A'Court turned from him, after the had communed a long houre, little comforted, rather more adrede of what he had in hande.

How he fared with other his tenants, or how manie louring brows and muttering lips he met withal, in his round about, I know not, but guess them not to have been few. The last he went unto, and with somewhat of unwillingness, was Blacke Johne o' the Marsh.

Blacke John was a stalwart clowne, of a strong bodie and stiffe spirit; wel noted in the wrestling grounde, and the cudgel ringe, in pitching of the bar, and baiting of the bull. Na'theless he was one that worked no worse than he played, and strove hard against an unkindlie soyle, and manie crosses. For in the late untoward season, no wighte in those parts had suffered losses comparable with him o' the Marsh. The river had thrice overflowed, first to the destruction of his new-born lamkins, and again, in the summer, most of his cockes of hay took them a voiage to Hereforde and Rosse, whither they were shortlie folloed by sundrie shockes of Johne's wheate. Yet he sunk not neathe such greefes as wolde have bowed manie to the dust; but strave on with harte and hande, bating not a jot of manful hope: onlie that he obtained of Robin A'Court, that the payment of his quarterage should be put aside till such time as his ill fortunes shoulde be repaired by a more smiling season. And he now stode beside his

fold-yerd gate, musing wistfulie on his troublous course.

The Reve opeened his errand, not without manie gulplings and stintings; for Blacke Johne had a name for a sprighte easilie roused to do a hastie dede in wrath. And ye mote ha' seen by the glances of Johne's eye, and the redening cloude athwart his fronte, that so unlooked for a demand liked him not. And when he had listed him his tale thro', he pondered awhile, and sayd, "And what doth this matter concern me, master Robin? Ye know ful wel, that not out of anie ill doing of mine own, but by the honde of God, I have been sore visited in my substance; and I have thy plighted worde that thou wouldest not look for the rentage until I had somewhat mended these disastrous hindrances."

"Yea, goode fellowe," sayd the Reeve, "and I woulde fain have had it soe; but this demaunde of thy lorde's and mine, hath alone driven me perforce from my pre-ordered purposes; and there is stronge neede that the golde be had from all by whomsoever it is due."

"My need is stronger," quoth Johne; "for, as ye may have learned, I have it not; and if thou wouldest aught from me, thou must e'en send thy

baylifs and drivers to make them and thee riche with a paire of wheezie olde oxen, three cowes drie in the udder, a score, it may be, of mangie sheep, and a faire bevie of younge swine—brave squeakers and fat—whom I this morning thought to hange by the heeles myself. But do thy best, and make goode speede, or the market time will be paste, and ye will lose the daie.”

“Now jape not, Johne, I pr’ythee,” sayed the Reve, “for I swere by Saynte Bottel it grieves me sore to be instant with bruised men : howbeit, if folk sayn soothe, thou mayest do that is fitting for thy landlorde, and kepe thy stocke no less.”

“How so, my jolie master,” quo’ John.

“Then did not thy brother, who was slaine by the knave Welshmen, in the fight of Leintwardine, leave thee a bequest—a faire pouche of coiñ, and ringes of price? Speke I aright, Johne?”

“Now, by the blessed roode,” seyde the yeoman, and the red blode mounted thro’ his face, “they mote have finished their tale that told you of that same bequest from the valiantest man that ever fought for an unmindful master. Know ye not, that gallant soldier bequeathed me more legacies than one?” And he straitwaie hied him to the house, and speedilie brought out, leading in his

liande, a fayre mayde childe, of wondrous bewti who had scant seene seven summers of childhold

“There,” sayd Johne, “there is the other bquest; and, by the breade I eat, they shall not be sundered; they shal go together while I live,—as upon none other condition did I receive them. What, Syr Reve, do ye smile, with that sneering twist upon your iron jaws? Hark ye, my master, it may be a lyghte thinge to such as those, the fatherless bearne be revved of a father’s gifte, as sent forthe naked to the wide world; but ere yield ye *that*, your catchipoles and ne’er-do-goes fellows shall work their luste amonge my far beastes, to make awaie withal, even as ye wil; and peradventure, there may be more than one worer ere that come to pass.”

“How, knave, do ye threaten?” sayd the Reve who had begun alredie to wax furiose, “thou shalt be informed, anon.”

“Pece, catif,” interrupted Johne, “thou wilt cause me do that I may rewe, mayhap. Away with thee, and see if thou canst not somewhat among the stores of thine own garners, thou faulcon, that would paye thy lord with what was his own; and come not to grinde thy grist from the faces of the poor.” Then he hyed him in, and shut to the door.

Marvel not that Robin A' Court was in hugeouse choler when he heard so tarte a speeche; certes, he grint his teethe, and looked a while as one wode or demoniak; and, as he rode past The Hollies, but one word did he bide to say to Keneth Peatfield—"They that sow scorne, shal reap sorrowe," and pricked on at a furieuse rate. And the hint was instant, for, with two followers at his backe, he was on the road to Lemstor towne, doubtless to bring such holpe from the auctorities thereof, as should give safe conduct both to his-greediness and ire.

Now, when this fame was noised abroad, and came to the ears of Blacke Johne, ye mighte deme he was not a man to stonde with his righte hande in his bosom at such a time; and, in less than an houre after that the Reve had departed, there was gathered at the ostelrie, which bore the sign of the *Dronken Piper*, no smal troope of the peasantrie, with dogged and sterne visages, debating sadlie, one with another, in doubting and discomfortable talk. And, pacing back and forward, even from one to another, with vehement and earnest bearing, was John o' the Marsh, wrangling, swearing, and exhorting. And, after a space, he strode forward, and sayed, "We are agrede, then, my masters!"

"Agrede!" answered all; "he shal die a dog's deth."

“His accursed neck shal know the taste of a cart rope,” seyde stronge Wat, the smithe.

“Ay, if there were no tree in the parish but the holie roode to hang him on,” shouted Will Simpkin, the taylor, and shook his scithern aloft.

“Be stil, ye knaves,” seyde old Peatfield; “ye are mad, and devil-ridden to boot. There shal be no lyfe spilt in this matter if ye wil have counsel of me.” Then he went on to shew, by discrete and plaine reson, how that their evils would be tenfold multiplied should they cut off the Reve by violence. But they would by no means hear him thro, but wel nigh all at once broke in upon his speche, and begon to make noyse, and sayde, “Let him be a warning and a drede to all after Reves that shall gather rentage in this lordshippe.”

When Keneth fonde, therefore, that he availed nought, he held his pece, and listed to all that went on, being purposed in his harte that soe outrageous and vain an emprise shoulde by no means be brought about. And, after much talke and consulting, it was accorded, that at the middle of the nighte they shoulde gather them at the church; and, being there marshalled, should make assaulte upon the domicile of Robin A’Court; and, if they shoulde faile to win entrance, then shoulde they brenn with

fyre both it and all therein. And the parish clerke did undertake to ring out the biggest bell at the time fore-named, at whose sounde they were all to hie them to the tryste. Thus conspired these hastie and irous men to awreke them of their wronges. And then they separated, eche to his home, till the time of blode and vengeance sholde be present.

With Johne o' the Marsh walked homeward Kenneth Peatfield, reasoning much with him that he sholde save the life of the tyrannous Reve, after that he mote have put him in so grete drede and affrite that he sholde perceve how daungerouse a game he pleyed with life and propertie. But with this woulde Black Johnie by no means accord.

"For, deme ye not, wise Keneth, that the wolfe will be wode to use his loosened clawes agenst them that bound them? Trust me, his rage and ire woulde spare nor friend nor foe, after soe bitter and heavie an affront. No, he hath wel earned the doome we purpose for him, and to the uttermost shal it be paid." Then parted they companie; and Johne, entering his dore, sat him down by the ingle-side, and leaning over the dul embers of a huge log, he pondered deeplie and fiercelie. But, ever and anon, he cast a softer look at the cradel wherein laye his litel faire neece, smilingie aslepe, by the

bedside of his aunciente mother. And he sighed sore when he thoughte of what may befall that tender babe and that feble dame, if the chaunce of the nighte should strike him off from the boke of the living.

Amid these darke musings, there sodenlie broke upon him the sounde of a bell, deeply bellowing with hoarse voice, through the silence of the night. Up he sterted, all astonied;—"Quene of heven! what sholde this be? Why, the orloge hath scant told seven, and midnight sholde have herde that chime. There is some error or mishap.—I must needes looke to it." Soe he seized a broad-axe, and hied him thro the darkness unto the church. There founde he manie alreadie there assembled, with such wepons as they coulde in their hast, looking on each other in doubt and amaze.

"How now, my feres," said Johne, "what meaneth this newe game?"

"By Synt Martin," answered Wat the smith, "we trow not; we herden the bell, and came with all spede, deming thou hadst taken up some newe counsel."

"Not I, by my troth," sayd he. "But come, let us see who pulleth this lustie peal."

They tried at the church dore—it was fast locked:

whereupon the more part were sore aghaste. This is some sorrie jape of the knave clerk," muttered Johne. "Where is he? where is Hezekiah Twange?"

"Here," sayd the clerke, who for verie haste had come in his doublet, withouten hose or shirt; "here be I, and here be the keyes; and who, maugre them or me, hath gotten within to pull the ropes to this tune I marvel much."

"That shal be quicklie seene," sayd he of the Marsh. "Open us the dore, good Twange, and we will disturb this blythe ringer in his changes." He opened him the dore, and to the belfrie they ran; but saw no man therein; the ropes lay still eche one and wyvened not a jot. Natheless the bell kept striking its heavie knell; and they all stared affrited eche upon other, by the lighte of Hezekiah's lantern; and manie hied them out softlie back agen, and they who abode quoke for fear, and felt their haire bristle uprighte on the poll—no less Johne o'Marsh than the rest. For their guiltie heartes minded them of their proposed dede; and they greatlie feared that soe foule a sin had given Sathanas the masterie over them, and expected eche moment to behold some horribel and grislie sight, or to feel the iron clawes of the enemye striking sodenlie into their backes.

And whiles they thus stode agast in dred silence, lo! a hideous crye was herde from without, and a man rushed furiously in, and with a wilde and horrid laugh, flonge himself on the pavement-stone. As he lay along, groning and panting piteously, none for a while durst stir near to help him arise. At the last, Blacke Johne snatched the lantern and strode desperatelie to the prostrate wighte, and when he had viewed his visage, "The Reve! the Reve!" shouted he, "what doth he here?" "Ha!" cried all at once, "God hath delivered him into our handes—teare the viper pecemeal—slaye him at the foote of the altar." For their frighte, now gone, left them shamed, and raging with worsen passion. But Kenneth Peatfield, whom no one had sene or herde until now, stode over him, and seyde stoutlie, "Stand ye back, cherls—will ye harm a dying man in God's own house? Shame fall ye all, for so cowardlie and unholie a thought. Raise him up with me, John o' Marsh; thy arme would never be lift agenst a fallen man."

Thereupon they took him up, and bore him to the ostelrie; and after a while he oped his eyes, glaring wildlie about, with balls stonde from a wan and deadlie face, upon the throng of men that pressed around. Then gave they him a cup of

spiced hippocras, which greatlie mended his piteouse state. And when all were put forth save Keneth and Blacke Johne, and some two or three mo, whom he willed to remain, he did, in broken and unjointed discourses, expounde in parte what chaunces had befallen him,—a storie not to be plainlie understode, and leaving much whereat to guess and dubitate.

It was thus far certein,—that Reve Robin departed at nighte falle from the Worshipful the Mayor of Lemster, where he had supped bravelie, and dronken withouten doubt no beggarlie stoupe of wine. And why he set off to return before his two baylifs, who had thither ridden with him, his memorie served him not. But ere that he had ridden a bare mile fro the town, he saw riding by his side a straunger horsman, of tall and portly person, enwrapped in a cloke. This wighte he bespoke twice or thrice, and got him no word in replie; whereat he marvelled, and was afeard he sholde prove some errant thefe, who mighte purpose to spoile him. “At which thought,” sayd Robin A’Court, “I felt for my poygnard in my belt, and helde the grip fast, least he sholde spring upon me unawares. Alsoe, I bade him ride on, for I desired not his companie; yet he recked not for that, nor stinted, but rode ever by my side, bit to bit, and motioned

not to or fro me, but looked right forward. Soe mused inwardlie, and wot not what to thinke. But when, as we came aneinst the wood of Luktown he sayd, with a low and fearful voice that made my bones to quake, 'A malison on them that be plunderers of the rich and grinders of the poore;' and therewith he turned upon me a grieslie visage that I coude not deme to be earthlie."

Now, from this parte, it is hard to perceive what next befel. For the Reve related, by dazzes and fragments, of straunge passages with that unknown rider; how he rebuked him for manie misdedes and cruelties; and, at the last, how he plucked him from his seat, and made as tho he wolde have ridden awaie with him. "But then," quoth the Reve, "out rang the churche bell, loud and clear whereat he flonge me to the ground: and when he rose, and looked arounde, he was no where seen. Whereupon I ran with my best spede to the church deming that holie place woulde save me from the return of so fell a visitante."

When this wondrous tale was blown about that place, ye may deme there was no little debate and gossiping respecting it; and there were manie that believed entirelie, that thro the ill doings of Rob A'Court the fiend himself had been permitted

worke him this dismaie: while with some the credence was, that his evil harte, puffed up with the fumes of wine, might perchance have imaged to a besotted vision this spectrous apparition. And one or other of these was held and affirmed by the old wives, and all, of whom there be manie, whose belefe outrun their wit. But there were diverse matters, which I stave not now to relate, by the which I incline to believe that both the too erlie ringing of the bell and the straunge aventure of the Reve, were sotil devices of Keneth Peatfield, for the preventing of blood-shed and for the farther warning of the unmerciful Reve. And surelie, if it were soe, the juggle throve well; for, from that time was Robin A'Court an altered and a softer man. Of the levie, that caused all this route, noughte further was herde. Nor is it unlikelie, I trowe, that he shoulde practise more of ruth and tendresse to the tenantrie when he came to the knowledge, as full soon he woulde, of the peril which his neck scant escaped. And, *in piam memoriam* of his marvellous deliverance, he caused to be honged in the belfrie, a large bell, curiouslie fashioned; which the parsonne, with great solemnities, baptized *Alma Conservatrix*, in the face of the congregation. Moreover, that so rare a Christian

mote not loiter in idlesse, he appointed the rente a certane messuagium (yet called 'Robin's Croft' to her maintenance and exercise. A parte there is fee to a felloe for the ringing of the bell thrise score strokes eche night, from the first daie October to the last of Maye, and the remainder laide oute by the parsonne in a jolie feaste for himself, with clerke and churchwardennes, to be had at the *Dronken Piper*, on that day of the year the which these thinges were done; providing, that when their merriment is at an end, they shall sing *Placebo* and *Dirige*, in decent sorte."

"And doth their merriment leve them oftentimes in suitable trim to perform so goodlie a service seyde I unto Hugh Maurice.

"Naye," quoth he, loffing, "these be church matters, wherein it beseemeth not them that without to be over busie. But the dewe falleth apace; and to be telling of old tales when the rime is rising, doth not become careful and health saving bachelors. Pr'ythee let us home."

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

A Fragment.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M. A.

My spirit, in a lonely hour
Of solitary musing, strayed,
Seeking beyond its earthly bower
For love, in his own light arrayed ;
And forms of beauty, that had been
Long traced in mystic lines within ;
And music, whose sweet tones had crept
Into my bosom while it slept.

Its search o'er earth had been in vain—
For there love seemed so oft to shine,
With plumes that borrowed light from gain,
It scorned the idol's worldly shrine ;
And things, whose loveliness did seem
A while almost as pure and bright
As those sweet forms of which we dream
When drunken with hope's first delight.

Oh ! change came o'er them drearily,
Like clouds upon a sunny lake,
In which the blue and lovely sky
Was imaged for the dreamer's sake ;
And music, though sometimes the tone
Of its deep melody had brought
Around the heart that seemed alone,
The forms of warm, embalming thought—
The charm would pass away, or be
But one of earthly revelry.

And thus the spirit sought in vain,
'Mid things that are the loveliest here,
For that which it had sighed to gain,
In woe and weal, for many a year.
It was not that the flower-clad earth,
The beautiful and glorious light,
In which the mind's bright forms have birth
And brilliant shapes of far delight ;—
It was not that love's secret spell,
The music that is breathed around
From all the thousand streams that well
In concert with its magic sound ;—
It was not that they had no charm,
That weary, dreaming heart to warm,
Or that its hope had never shone,
Begirt with beauty's starry zone :

But it had wandered far away,
Into a realm of brighter day;
And when it found a world of bliss,
Could it be glad in one like this?

'Twas in a vale, a flowery vale,
Full of those bright, eternal flowers,
Which only meet the living gale,
And angel eyes of heavenly bowers,
Close by a stream, whose waters shed
O'er all around ambrosial light,
Retired, a Guardian Spirit led
One whom, through many a weary night,
'Mid contest dire and peril hard,
His unseen hand was wont to guard.
'Twas evening, such as eve may be
Where time is not—the mystic course
Was in its change, when wondrously
All things in heaven, from its full source,
Drink in a deeper bliss,—the wings
Of the all-glorious seraph choir
Were folded, and the golden strings
Sent forth from each celestial lyre,
Deep awful melodies, that pealed
Through all the plains, ethereal bright,
Like fountains that till then were sealed,
Or floods of new-created light.

Save that celestial strain, no sound
Was heard in Heaven, and onward led
By the communing love profound,
Which their exulting spirits fed,
The Angel brothers wandered far,
Through many an odorous shade, to where
Is born that golden-crested star
Our morning meets with perfumed air,
And strains of sweet and mellow glee,
That breath of Heaven's felicity.

They sate them down beneath a shade
Of glorious trees, through which the dew
Of buds and flowers that never fade,
Fell on their locks of sunny hue,
And low and sweet their voices blent,
Breathing of that pure element.
They were both bright—celestial fair,
Those glorious forms which rested there;
But he who seemed the elder born,
In the eternal realms of morn,
Had o'er his brows a light that shone
Deeper, as if the flame had grown
More fervent with the longer draught
Of life, that there his spirit quaffed;
And, as he turned his radiant face,
The fullness of that inward grace

Beamed love upon the eyes it met,
Eyes—with earth's tears so newly wet.

“Loved stranger ! to this land of ours,”
Thus spake that elder spirit mild,
“There is not in these happy bowers,
Which hail thee now their deathless child,
One tongue of all the host divine,
That hails thee with such joy as mine.
It was when heaven was calm as now,
And here and there an angel-band
Looked downward, with illumined brow,
O'er radiant spheres or father-land ;
My eye was wandering o'er the earth,
In which thy mortal frame had birth,
When from the Eternal's throne I heard
My name pronounced, as he whose eye
And saving arm thy steps should guard,
Through all thy earthly destiny.
I paused not,—but with beamy wing,
Shot downward my unmeasured flight,
Nor veiled me, till within the ring
Of the dark earth's incumbent night ;
And soon, like one of those sweet sounds
Men hear yet know not whence they come,
I filled with deep, sweet calm the bounds
And inmates of thy natal home.

Thy head was pillowed on the breast
Of her from whom thy being sprung ;
And there was silence round thy rest,
While glad hearts o'er thy slumber hung.
Some eyes were wet with joy,—and where
One gazed with deeper thoughts, beside
Thy mother's couch, a low, calm prayer,
Half heard, upon the stillness died.
That hour was blest,—through all the years
Thy path was in yon vale of tears,
The prayer that then was breathed for thee,
Made part of thy heart's history.

Thy early home was where the earth
Smiles greenest in the summer's mirth,
And glassy streams, and birds, and flowers,
Are more than dream-like types of ours.
It was a deep and lonely dell,
Around whose marge the shadows fell
From many a brown and pine-clad steep,
That saw the young laburnums weep,
And the blue, sleepy hare-bell wave
By fountain-bank, and mossy cave.
Morning, and starry evening, there
Were living spirits in the air,
And through the loneliest covert shed
Music and odour, and the light,

In which the flowers that make their bed
In free or secret paths delight.—
There was thy home,—and when thine eye
First opened to the arching sky,
And to thine ear familiar grew
The voices of the breeze and stream,
I looked into thy heart, and knew
How bright would be its early dream.
Thy footstep soon had left its trace
By every shallow brooklet's side,
And found its fairy resting-place
Where'er the violets, deepest dyed,
Peeped from the shelving bank, or bird
Of long and mellow note, was heard.
To me my task was light ;—to thee
It was of mercy full and high,
Set by the same divine decree
That bade thee live—and joyously,
As if thy spirit had dwelt here,
Or happier been than aught below,
I led or followed thee where'er
The gentlest gale might sweetest blow,
Or sight, or sound, or odour bring,
Nearer some bright imagining.

Unfettered with thy form of clay,
My pure, clear sight could see where lay

All the fair forms the sun would wake,
Ere bird or flower were in the brake.
Unfettered, I could meet the spring,
When from the south she first took wing,
And hail her on from vale to vale,
Till, warmly soft, the odorous gale
Fanned into beauty all thy bowers.—
I knew where deepest sunk the showers,
Of the soft dews of which are made
Those small sweet-scented plants that lie,
Lowly and meek, through every shade,
Like stars scarce seen in the blue sky.
And ere the nightingale was heard,
Far off, in the lone poplar grove,
I marked the melancholy bird,
Busy about her work of love ;
Happy, where the thick branches met,
A mother bird—not childless yet !
There was no bower, where the wild rose
In the spent summer latest blows ;
No nook in the cleft rock, where run,
The cold clear springs that fear the sun ;
No shelter, where the wild bee plies,
In the faint light of autumn skies,
Or vine-leaf trellised cave, where hung
The clustering grape, deep purpling, till
Heavy with its sweet dew it clung
Thickly to the low-shelving hill ;

Or aught of beautiful or fair,
That skims like light the ambient air,
And make their rich and fragrant tombs
Of dying flowers and faded blooms ;
Not aught of these were hid to me,
Purer than zephyrs and as free,
And, like an elder brother pleased

With his young charge, I led thee on,
And much thy curious toil I eased,

Leading thee when thy step was wrong,
Through easier paths, before unkenned,
Or guiding thee to those sweet shades—

Sweeter because known but to me—
Where I had seen already blend,
All the fair things of mountain glades,
Kept in their rosy urns for thee.

Sometimes a different care was mine :—

Not seldom did thy path incline
Down the rough steep, where scarcely ground
Was left for the light goat to bound,
Or by deep lonely streams, whose tide
Crushed rocks o'erhung on either side,
Shewing no bank or winding way
Where human foot might safely stray ;
And sometimes it was where the bourne
Of the dark forest sends a mourn,

And chilling damp, mixed with the din
From its morasses far within.
Thou thought'st not then how madly vain
 It was, thy human strength to try
When the rough storm, with broken rein—
 A lion of the air—passed by,
 And red and luridly the sky
Gleamed, like a chieftain's council tent,
Crested with banners, battle rent.
An arm was round thee in that hour,
Which felt not the fierce tempest's power—
A shield upon thy heart, that flung
 Back to the hurtling storm its brand,
And with the strength unshaken hung,
 That might beseem an angel hand.

Those days passed not nor left with thee
 The glory of their parted sun.
The light of thought grew in thy breast,
And made of thy young memory
 A palace of sweet fancies, won
From the deep fountains where they rest,
 And the strange web of life is spun.
Time changed them to the solemn forms
That fit the spirit's holier mood ;
And thou wert taught by the wild storms
 And voices of thy solitude,

To look into the boundless sea,
Where time meets with eternity,
And to the forms of earth are given,
The semblance and the hues of heaven.
I shared thy pleasure in the change
Of storm and sunshine ; shared with thee,
In loving long and free to range
Through Nature's filled immensity, —
Like a young bird of summer, now
Rejoicing on the first green bough,
And now like one, whose pinions proud
Are made to race with wind and cloud.
But mine was to look down from where
The everlasting fountains flow,
That fill the pure, illumined air
With light and music ; and the brow
Of every perfumed hill is bright
With glorious beings who, like me,
To minister or share delight,
Spend half their immortality,
And hither come again from far,
To tell of their own favourite star.

Here was my home, — and here I saw
The mysteries of that nether sphere,
Which circled thee around, revealed ; —
The book of the unchanging law,
That measures to each world its year,

Lay with its wondrous page unsealed ;
And high upon their golden thrones,
 I saw the monarch angels stand,
To whom the blue, etherial zones
 Are yielded for their high command.
But thou ! the thoughts that filled thy heart
Rose but as its deep feeling stirred
The spirit that lay hid beneath,
The veil of its more earthly part.
Thou lovedst—and love at first to thee
 Was the sweet music of sweet thought,
Knowing not how it came to be,
 Or how its first sweet note was caught.
A bright concentring of all fair
 Hopes, thoughts, and wishes into one,
Which the young heart but thinks to share,
 And feel its heaven of gladness won.

The angel's voice had changed,—he spoke
 Of good ill sought—and grief ill borne,—
Of an untempered heart, that broke
At the first trial of its strength ;
 And how it mixed its love with scorn,
Its grief with glory—till at length
No one could read the mystery
Of that strange heart, save he whose eye
Had watched it from its infancy.

* * * *

AUTUMNAL EMBLEMS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

FADING OF THE WOODS.

I.

SPLENDOUR is on the bough !
The withering leaves fall fast ;—
Yet wilder beauty crowns the forest now
Than through the summer past.

II.

A more resplendent blaze
Of rich and radiant hues
Gleams through the autumn haze,
Than mid the summer dews.

III.

So is it Nature loves
In all her power to part ;
So with her passing splendour moves
The severing human heart.

IV.

Calmly through pleasant years
We love some kindred mind ;
But 't is only through our parting tears
Its full delights we find.

V.

Then, how in form and face,
In every act and tone,
Beam forth the tenderness and grace
That melt us, and are flown !

THE THISTLE-DOWN.

I.

LIGHTLY soars the thistle-down ;
Lightly doth it float—
Lightly seeds of care are sown ;
Little do we note.

II.

Lightly floats the thistle-down ;
Far and wide it flies ;
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the shining skies.

III.

Watch life's thistles bud and blow,—
Oh! 't is pleasant folly!
But when all our paths they sow—
Then comes melancholy.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW

I.

AND is the swallow gone?—
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

II.

No mortal saw it go;—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer,
As it flitteth to and fro?

III.

So the freed spirit flies!
From shrouding clay
It steals away,
Like the swallow from the skies.

IV.

Whither?—wherefore doth it go?

'T is all unknown,—

We feel alone

That a void is left below.

THE CONVERT.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

TIME was, my spirit clouded with earth's gloom
And noxious airs, bowed to the yoke of night
Eternal—while across my aching sight
Came floating forms of terror and the tomb,—
And doubts on doubts—sad as the years to come.
Like the last forest leaves in autumn's blight,
One after one, faded my young hopes bright—
A wilderness was round, and sounds of doom.
A change came o'er me;—peace 'midst the soul's war
And inward light and love—a balm for all:—
As some sad exile, who has wandered far
From his loved soil, hearing his glad recall,
Rejoicing turns his steps;—homeward he walks;
And with the spirit of bliss within him talks.

THE HEIR OF JEROBOAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIVAL CRUSOES," &c.

And all Israel shall mourn for him and bury him, for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel.

1 KINGS xiv. 13.

THE Ten Tribes of Israel had revolted from their king, and chosen them a new ruler, yet it did not necessarily follow, that they should choose a new God; nevertheless, they did so,—and, in blind obedience to the artful policy of the leader they had set over them, bowed down to the calves of Bethel and of Dan, instead of worshipping Jehovah in spirit and in truth.

The fifteenth day of the eighth month had been appointed a high festival for misguided Israel. It was the time destined by the proud son of Nebat, for the consecration of the new Temple, devoted by him to the abomination of Egypt—to the worship of the calf and the ox.

There was one absent from this ceremony, who ought to have had, above all the matrons and virgins of Israel, a distinguished place at a solemnity where her husband first fully exercised his regal functions as king of Israel. Maternal love had caused the queen, the wife of Jeroboam, to forego the regal circlet that she had never yet worn,—to lay aside her shining robes, and, in the guise of a poor wayfaring woman, take a dangerous and fatiguing journey on foot into the kingdom of the incensed Rehoboam, in order to inquire of the Prophet of Shiloh, whether her son, who had lately been smitten with a grievous sickness, should be restored to her.

The day devoted to the idolatrous consecration was fast drawing to a close; the sun was already verging towards Mount Gerizim. Although a day set apart for heathen rites, and those unholy festivities, the allurements of which were the real cause why the descendants of Abraham so often forsook the pure worship of the Most High God, and which were wont to be continued far into the night; yet there was no sound abroad that evening, of riot or revelry; no noisy shouts; no unhallowed dances; no timbrels beaten in honour of Astarte, queen of the approaching night. A solemn silence dwelt in

the streets of the new-built city of Samaria;—those streets which in the morning had echoed to the hasty footsteps and joyous cries of the assembled thousands, were now sad, solitary, and deserted; for every man, terrified by the manifestation of the power of the Almighty, had fled in the morning from the celebration of the idolatrous rites, and sat trembling with fear in his own home, expecting momentarily the same punishment that had befallen Corah and Abiram of old.

A prophet, armed with the power of the Great Jehovah, had appeared before the idolatrous altar that day; had smitten the king and priest of rebellious Israel before the eyes of his people, when at the acme of his pride and impiety; had denounced woe against the Ten Tribes, and their newly-chosen sovereign; had rent their altar, and scattered the ashes of their sacrifice to the winds.

Thus had passed the morning of the first day on which the kingdom of Israel had turned from the worship of Jehovah; and before night had closed on that eventful day, the Lord their God again showed forth his omnipotence.

He—the false shepherd, the guilty one, who had caused erring Israel to go astray,—now sat in the gorgeous palace which he had lately built, tossed by

a tumult of contending passions. He sat by the sick couch of his sleeping son ; one moment softened by all the tender feelings of a father's love, and the next agitated by pride, rage, and shame. Now he bent over the pillow of his beloved Abijah, watching with intense agony the death-dews that gathered, in sickly drops, on the high and pallid forehead of the boy,—then, ever and anon, his thoughts recurred to the humiliating events of the morning ; and he grasped and shook his javelin, that laid beside him, as if he would indeed ascertain whether his right hand, which had that day been so suddenly withered and restored again by the omnipotent word of Jehovah, had lost aught of its mighty strength. Remorse, remembrance of the mercy so lately vouchsafed to him on a slight expression of penitence, nearly bowed his soul prostrate before the Almighty Lord, upon whose name he could not refrain from believing in the secret recesses of his heart. At that moment he cast his eyes through the lattice, and beheld the glorious beams of declining day reflected from many a rising tower and half-finished pinnacle, those magnificent monuments of his newly established reign—the ornaments of the metropolis which he had built as the seat of his empire ; and pride again resumed its sway over his mind.

So, distrusting the prophecy, the truth of which even his present state of greatness so wonderfully proved, and giving himself up to the reasonings of worldly policy, falsely called wisdom, he subdued his better spirit by these arguments.

"Israel," said he, "will return at the same time to Jehovah and King Rehoboam, if I suffer them to go up to Jerusalem, that they may worship the Most High in the temple; and I shall lose people, crown, and empire at once."

Then, like Pharaoh of old, he hardened his heart within him, and bowed in spirit before ambition, the real Baal, to whom he offered idolatry, utterly forgetting the words of promise which accompanied his solemn anointing as king of Israel.

"And it shall be, if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways and do that is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as David my servant did, that I will be with thee, and build thee a sure house, as I built for David, and will give Israel unto thee."

Holy writ scarcely affords an instance in which good and evil were so plainly offered to the choice of man, as in this declaration of the Almighty to Jeroboam. Blessed with a good and virtuous son,

there appeared every probability of the promise being fulfilled to the very letter : and if Jeroboam had taken the good, and rejected the evil, a long and glorious line of kings would have succeeded him. But he followed (as many a prince has done since) the paths of crooked policy and worldly craft, and made religion a trick of state. What were the first indications of the wrath of his offended God? Abijah, his virtuous heir, the Almighty took from the guilty father to himself; and thus withdrew from Jeroboam that blessing, which was to have been the crowning reward of a life of obedience, the hope of a good and prosperous posterity.

Let no one say that a blind and unavoidable destiny hurries man into the commission of evil : if any are so inclined to think, let them read the history of Jeroboam attentively.

A convulsive start, a murmur of the lips, and a faint striving with the hands,—as if under the influence of a dreadful dream,—drew the attention of the king of Israel to his sick child. Darker shades came over that beautiful and expansive brow, and the distracted parent hastily snatched Abijah to his bosom, wakening the boy from his unquiet slumbers, lest he should expire in his sleep without once more letting Jeroboam hear the sound of his voice, and

depart without bidding him farewell, ere he went down to the grave and was no more seen.

Abijah unclosed his eyes, and gazed on the setting sun long and mournfully: then, to the anxious solicitude of his father, as to what he could do to contribute to his ease or comfort, he replied, "Open the lattice that looks to the south, my beloved father, and turn my face to Jerusalem: although an exile from the courts of the Lord, yet Abijah would die looking towards His holy temple."

The father complied with his wish, and then replied, trembling under the influence of awakened conscience, "Speak not of death, my child, my heir, my best-loved one! Think of thy tender mother, and bear up thy spirit till her return: she will bring aid from the prophet of Shiloh, that all-knowing seer, who first hailed me king of Israel."

"Which he did in the fulness of the power of that Jehovah whom ye have this day outraged. My father,—think not I mean to wound your heart, or that I feel not the devoted affection of my mother! Dearly do I love you both. Though ye have forsaken your God, ye have not forsaken your child; and it is hard to part from you both for ever—for ever—for ever!"

"Wherefore dost thou iterate that mournful word

'for ever' thus sadly on mine ear?" asked Jeroboam, half angry, yet weeping.

"Because I go where the idolater and demon-worshipper can never come: therefore do I again say, that when death parts us, we part for ever. Alas, alas! even in this world does the punishment of rebellion against the Most High commence: and I, wretched that I am, share in its anguish. I shall not breathe my last on the bosom of my tender mother, nor have the satisfaction of bidding her a last long farewell!"

"Say not so, Abijah," returned the king; "her parting words were, that she would return ere the sun sank behind Gerizim, and lo! he is now partly eclipsed by the peak of the hill. She must be near at hand."

"She does indeed draw near, but Abijah will not behold her face. I shall, it is true, hear the sound of her footsteps on the threshold; I shall stretch out my arms towards her, but they will not reach her. Oh, my mother, my mother! why did not thy heart yearn towards thy God as it does towards thy son?"

"These are wild and wandering words, my son."

"Hearken, my father. I speak not from myself; there is a spirit and a power within me, that lifts me up and gives me strength to contend with the

approach of death, in order that thou mightest receive the last warning vouchsafed to thee by the Eternal Jehovah. I have slumbered through the day; but the spirit of prophecy descended on me as I slept, and in spirit was I led forth from the body, and I followed the steps of my mother on her weary way. I saw her pause, and clasp her hands, in agony of soul, as she stood before the door of the prophet of Shiloh; and when she entered the dwelling, she saw that man of God, who anointed thee King of Israel in a happier day, and was the bearer of glad tidings to thee, if thou wouldst have heeded them. His eyes are now sightless and rayless; the darkness of age has fallen upon them. The queen of Israel presented herself before his household as a lowly peasant, yet did the blind old prophet hail her with these awful words: 'Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam, for I am sent unto thee with heavy tidings.' And I say unto thee, my father, that woe! woe! is denounced by him against thy whole house. I am taken from the evil to come. I have found favour in the eyes of the Lord: he, because I have served him and loved him with my whole heart, from my youth upwards, is graciously pleased to withdraw me to himself, from the desolation that hangs over my idolatrous house. Listen to what

the blind old prophet says to my mother: 'Arise thou, therefore; get thee to thy own house; but when thy feet cross the threshold, Abijah shall surely die!' Ah, my mother! how often this noon, when thou turnedst thy face homewards, didst thou hurry on with wild haste, frantic at the thought of my danger! Then again didst thou tarry with lingering steps, dreading to approach that fatal threshold, knowing that thou dost bring my doom. Now does thy impatience of suspense, and the strong desire of maternal love to behold me once again, prevail over fear. I hear thy well-known steps fast approaching thy home. Thy foot is now on the threshold. I hold out my arms to thee in vain,—they will never reach thee! My eyes grow dim,—thou comest,—I die!"

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

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III.

THE SAVIOUR AS A CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

1.

BLEST age of innocence and truth,
Of open heart as open brow ;
When thoughts are free and words are sooth :—
Ere the warm blood of wilder youth
Flows through the veins, and in the eye
Glows with unquiet brilliancy—
Childhood, how fair art thou !
Fair even in the sons of earth ;
But thou wert fairest when the Saviour smiled,
When He of virgin birth
Stooped to the semblance of an earth-born child.

II.

And did he spend the vacant hour
 Child-like, in ranging plain and wood ?
 And did he seek the shadowy bower,
 And, sportive, twine the summer flower,
 While, as the rustic crown he wreathed,
 Each conscious flower fresh odours breathed ;
 And e'en the blossoms, strewed
 As though unheeded, o'er the ground,
 Drooped not, nor withered ; but unfading shed
 A balmier fragrance round
 Than when they glittered in their parent bed ?

III.

Then blame we not the venturous dream
 Of painter-poet—who hath traced
 What some, perchance, may lightly deem
 Of Him, in whom the Heavenly Beam
 Though latent in a fleshly shroud,
 Was, like the sun behind a cloud,
 Though dimmed, yet undefaced !—
 For who could mark that fair young brow,
 The ringlets of that wildly-clustering hair,
 That look serene—nor know
 No child of sin, no heir of death was there !

IV.

Mark too that varied coronal,
Where the rich eastern flowers combine
Their hues of beauty,—are not all
His work who framed this earthly ball?
Flowers spring on earth—stars deck the sky—
Alike in each his inward eye
Knew his own work divine.
Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
On earth, or sea, or sky, at morn or even,
Flower, star, wave, vocal bird,
To Him were fraught with memories of Heaven!

V.

Yes—when this low, terrestrial sphere
He deigned—a seeming child—to tread,
Heard he not sounds none else could hear?
And were not viewless Seraphs near
To hold communion with their Lord?
And where th' Angelic Host adored,
Did not glad Nature shed
Her sweetest flowers,—and if He wove
What seemed a wreath to human eyes,
By Angels borne above,
Might not that wreath outshine the crowns of Paradise?

ASCALON.

I.

STATES are like men !—they rise, they fall,
Live on in pride, and die in shame ;
Time weighs with equal force on all ;
Their course distinct—their end the same !
States have their tombs !—the mouldering wall
Inters their fabric and their fame ;
And thus,—her race of glory done,—
A name is all of Ascalon !
There is no trophy now, to mark
The scenes where mirth and beauty *were*,
The wolf's short howl, and wild-dog's bark,
Are all the song that circles there ;—
And all the domes and towers are gone,
That smiled or frowned on Ascalon !

II.

Of solitudes the worst—the last
Is that where human steps *have* been,
For, there, the trembling thoughts contrast
The present with the vanished scene ;

And memory winging to the past
Sinks in the gulf of years between!—
A vacant gulf—a dreariest one
Is thine, deserted Ascalon!
States have their spirits, too—like men!
The mighty shades of those that pass
Flit o'er their silent homes again,
Or sigh amid the waving grass!—
Nor thine the least we look upon,
Oh! iron-cinctured Ascalon!

P.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

I.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the Saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

II.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne;
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his Cross alone!

III.

Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
“ Take the kingdom,—it is thine ;
King of kings, and Lord of lords ! ”

IV.

Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow ;
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

V.

Who were *these*?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race ;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

VI.

They ~~were~~ mortal, too, like us ;
Ah ! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

EXPRESSION.

"She looked upward, and her mild eye beamed with faith
and heavenly love."

BROW of beauty ! 'neath thee lie
Charms our hearts alone descry,
Beams that from the spirit shine,
Rays that tell of thoughts divine.
Common gazers may admire
Glowing glances, sparks of fire,
That on the surface love to play,
Like sunbeams on the ocean's spray :
But give to me the beam less bright,
That from the soul hath drawn its light.
Deep be the fount from whence shall rise,
Those rays sublime that pierce the skies ;
And seem, while fixed on worlds above,
To drink in light, and life, and love ;
Or, gazing on that azure sky,
Are wrapt in bright expectancy.

Oh ! mortal love can give its glow
Its radiance to the beauteous brow,
And mortal love can fill the eye
With beams of light and ecstasy :
But when 'tis lit by love divine,
'Tis then we see the glory shine ;
And when its joys from heaven descend,
Then faith, hope, peace, in radiance blend.

LUKE O'BRIAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Author of Sketches of "Irish Character."

I wish, with all my heart, I could describe Luke; I have often requested him to sit for his picture, and if he had done so, I think I should have had it engraved for the benefit of the English public. Luke, however, has what he calls a "mortal objection to his face being in print." Most probably, therefore, you can never have an accurate idea of the subject of my story. He is now about two-and-twenty; in height, six feet four inches; slight, but muscular; and the too visible size of his bones, renders him not unworthy of his gigantic nomenclature; his countenance is nondescript—appertaining to no particular nation; yet possessing, it may be said, the deformities of all;—an Austrian mouth—French complexion—Highland hair (of the deepest tint)—small pepper-and-salt coloured eyes, that constantly regard each other with sympathetic affection, and a nose elevated and

depressed in open defiance of the line of beauty—are the most striking objects in his strange physiognomy—in common justice, I must add, that his face is remarkably long, pale, and much disfigured by a cut he received from a “hurley” in his boyhood, which carried away his left eye-brow, and a small portion of his cheek; this mark, Luke, who is an acknowledged wag, terms “his beauty spot.”

It was a drizzling, damp evening in the month of November, when the afore-mentioned Luke O'Brian, grasping his shillala in his enormous hand, wound steadily around the foot of the K—— mountain. It was the first time he had ever visited the wilds of the “kingdom of Kerry,”—and although Luke was a tall, stout, brave boy, he would rather have been any where than just where he was. Not a single creature was near with whom he could hold communion, and the huge rocks looked frowning enough, to a lonely traveller, in the deepening twilight. The business that occasioned Luke's visit to so unpromising a part of the country, was the not very agreeable one of *serving writs*—an employment of no ordinary danger. He was selected to perform this task by Mr. Parchment, of Patrick's Street, Cork, for several substantial reasons. Luke was strong in body and mind, spoke Irish fluently, sung a good national song, with true

national spirit and feeling, a sure passport and board (whenever such luxuries exist) in cottage; and moreover, as Mr. Parchment ob- like a true *attorney*—"if Luke was murdered, no great matter; *he had no friends*." It was, as said, a drizzling, rainy evening. Luke had his last writ, and had rejoiced much over his fortune. "I've got off so well," he repeated to self, "sorra a taste of a blow—not so much scratch—and more money in my pocket than the descendants of the Irish kings have *grabbed* to this tin years, any way." Such pleasing ideas ever, failed to amuse him when the rain pattered his face, and the night fog grew so dense, that he could hardly discern the path, or the misty cairn stones that frequently peered from among the green fern and heather of the bleak mountain. He grasped his stick more tightly, but felt the evening overpowering his spirits. Sudden the Cork Mail passed him with its exhilarating and merry bugle; yet, when the sound died even from the echo of the hills, "his heart" (his own expression) "fell away intirely;" and not knowing exactly what he did, he commenced whistling, "In Connaught sly Cupid was born." This carried him, in imagination, back to his

Cork;" and he triumphantly pictured to himself the civility of mine host of St. Stephen, when he should discover that his purse was well filled. In the midst of his reverie, he fancied he heard steps behind him; his whistle sunk into a kind of hiss, and his long legs trembled somewhat, as he strode forward; he soon ascertained that his pursuers were two in number, and from their trot-like walk, justly concluded that they were short, stout men; nevertheless, they soon overtook Luke; long shanked though he was, he had no chance of out-striding them.

"Maybe you've walked far this bleak night?" they inquired.

"Maybe I have," replied Luke.

"Maybe y' er going far on?"

"Maybe so."

"How dim the cairn stones look in the grey light," observed one of the persevering travellers.

"So they do."

"They say they're mighty unlucky," continued one of the men.

Our hero summoned his courage, and replied firmly, "nothing's unlucky to a stout heart."

"Say you so, my boy," exclaimed the younger one; "then here goes!" and the click of a large pistol, that was instantly presented at Luke's breast,

sounded very disagreeably through the dark night. His arms were instantly pinioned with almost supernatural strength, by the fellow robber, and he was drawn back into a sort of fosse, or deep dyke, that skirted the road. He shouted loudly for assistance, but was told very coolly, to "hould his whisht." "De ye think, ye grate long gomersal, that people have nothin' to do but walk the mountain to look for young chaps in distress. Hould y'er whisht, I say. By the powers! if ye don't I'll"—

"Stop," said the elder; "stop, as ye value y'er mother's curse or blessing—don't ye remember what she said not two hours ago?"

"Can't he give up what he has got?" retorted the younger; "does he think I'm a fool to feel the cash in his pocket, and lave it there? I'll tell ye what," he continued, "give it up, and ye shall meet wid geenteel tratement; it's good to have to do wid gentlemen, in our trade. But look ye, my lad, I've a mother dying of starvation; food has n't crossed her lips for more than two days; and we're all hunted like wild animals, from house and home. So if ye've Christian feeling, or a mother of ye'r own, *give* us the means of saving her life."

"In troth," replied Luke, "I never had either father or mother that I know of. But there,—I'm

only a poor lone boy. Sure ye would n't take all I have in the world to depind on?"

"Not *all* ye have," responded the elder of the men, with a bitter groan; "we could n't take *all* ye have, for ye have a good name maybe, and *that* is what *we* can never have again." They rifled the contents of his leather bag; and the younger was about appropriating it to himself, when the elder interposed.

"It's only five one-pounders, and a few bits of silver. And is this all ye have, for the many times you've been a'most kilt, sarving the law to be sure! Well, the half of it will do our turn; keep the rest. Kerry Jack wid be long sorry to take all he had from any fatherless boy." The young man grumblyngly returned half the money; and Luke, with that natural cheerfulness of feeling, the almost peculiar characteristic of the Irish, felt as if he had gained, not as if he had lost any thing. Still he was sadly perplexed;—he had wandered from the main road, and in endeavouring to regain it, grappled amid what appeared an interminable wilderness of overgrown fern, sharp stinging furze, and low broom-wood; the most intricate thing in the world to escape from, as the frequent cuttings it receives from the broom-gatherers, make it very spreading

in its under branches; then the turf holes, and the various inequalities of the ground—now up, now down—not a star twinkling in the firmament—not a light to tell of human habitation in any direction—the rain pouring unceasingly—and the wind blowing—as Luke afterwards declared, “in whatever direction he turned, always in his face.” At length, he had almost resolved to sit down quietly upon a rock, and wait the morning dawn, when, in what appeared a high mound of clay at a short distance, he perceived a little ray of light; he well knew that in Ireland, wherever there is a roof, there is a resting place for the poorest traveller; and guided by the flickering spark, he soon arrived at what could hardly be called a human dwelling. It was, literally speaking, a large excavation in the earth; two boards nailed together, closed the aperture through which the wretched inhabitants entered, and a hole in the clayey roof, served the double purpose of chimney and window. For a moment he rested outside the threshold; and between the intermediate blasts, the low murmuring of a female voice in earnest prayer, could be distinctly heard. He pushed aside the unprotecting door; and, stretched on the cold wet floor, with scarcely sufficient straw to keep her wasted limbs from the earth, covered by

the remains of a tattered cloak, he saw the apparently dying form of an elderly woman. The miserable candle, whose light had guided him to the hovel, was stuck in a scooped potatoe; her head was supported by a bundle of rags; a broken tea-cup, and an equally mutilated plate, both without either food or liquid, were within reach of the skeleton hands that were fervently clasped together. Through the opening in the roof, the rain fell in torrents, forming sundry pools around the fireless hearth, and no article of furniture of any kind was visible in the miserable dwelling-place—the last earthly home of the departing spirit. As Luke entered, she endeavoured to turn her head towards him; but she was unable, and barely articulated, “is that you, Tom, honey?”

Luke returned the usual friendly salutation of “God save all here,” and advanced towards her: the look of her fast-glazing eye, fixed steadily upon the young man—and he has often said, “the freezing of that look will never leave his heart.” I have seen him shudder at the remembrance. Slowly she pushed back the grey, yet clustering hair, from her clammy brow, and gazed upon him long and fixedly. “Don’t be frightened, Agra,” said he, at last; “I’ve lost my way, and maybe ye’d jist let me wait here

awhile, till the storm goes by; and maybe also, ye'd fancy a bit of what I've got in my pocket (he pulled out the fragments of some wheaten bread), or a drop of this would bring the life to ye'r heart, astore." She grasped the food he offered, with all the frightful eagerness of famine; but when she endeavoured to swallow, it almost caused suffocation. Luke took a little of the rain water in the broken cup, and mixing with it a small portion of whiskey, knelt, and gently supporting her head, poured it down her throat. She appeared somewhat revived; and placing her long bony fingers on his arm, whispered,

"God reward ye—God reward ye! may God keep ye from bitter sin!—there's nothin' to offer ye, nor no fire to dry ye; but take the wet tacks off, they'll give ye y'er death o' could."

Luke obeyed her bidding, and in a few moments the dying woman turned towards him another long and piercing look. "Can ye spare me a taste more of that cordial, honey?" she inquired. Luke again knelt in the same position as before, and she drank with avidity of what he offered. As he was about withdrawing his arm, her eye fixed upon a mark that had been engraved, as it were, on his wrist, by a species of tatooing, which the Irish along the sea coast are very fond of. The marks were of a deep

blue, and he had no recollection when or how they had been impressed. She grasped his hand with fearful violence, and her energies seemed at once awakened. She tried to articulate; but although her eyes sparkled and she sat upright on her bed of straw, yet could she not utter a single sound. "Is it the maning of that mark, ye want to make out? Why then it's jist myself that can't tell ye, because ye see, I don't know: I'm sorry for it, Agra! but it can't be helped, only I often think that maybe it will be the manes of my finding out who owns me, which at present I don't know from Adam. Sorra a one ever laid claim to me, only poor Peg O'Brian, of Cranaby Lane, who found me as a new year's gift, the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seven, outside" ——

A scream, loud and piercing, interrupted Luke's description; and at the same instant, the withered arms of the poor woman strained him with a strong grasp to her bosom. "I have n't an hour to live, boy;" she exclaimed at last, "and oh! for the sake of the mercy you expect hereafter, do not throw from ye the poor, sinful, dying mother that bore ye,—don't, don't,—for oh! my child,—I'm still,—though—banned and starving,—I'm still your mother.

Luke was much affected: he had argued himself

into the belief that he was the son of one of the nobles of the land; and it would have been difficult to analyze the nature of the contending feelings that agitated him. Pity, deep and affectionate pity, for her who had just declared herself his parent, was, however, the predominant one; and he returned her embrace with warmth and sincerity.

"I must tell you all I can:" she continued in a broken voice, "but first, let me ask ye, have ye been honest in y'er dealings with rich and poor? have ye kept from the temptation of gould?—Och! but it's the yellow and the bitter curse!—that leads—but tell me, tell me! are ye honest?"

"God knows," he replied, "I never took to the value of a traneeen from man or mortal; and what's more, many a gentleman's son would be glad to take up with the *karacter* of poor Luke."

"Heaven be thanked for these words!" ejaculated the unfortunate creature, "for in the deep of misfortune, the best of comfort has come to me,—may the Lord be praised! When I dared to strive (sinner that I am), to pray, even one word, it was that *you* might be honest. All belonging to me are bad,—bad.—My children,—all, all but you, banned, cursed,—but brought up as they were!—sure the kittens of the wild cat must seek the young bird's nest!—

even now, to bring me food, my husband, and my other born son are,—no, not murder!—they swore that they would n't take life."——

The horrrid truth flashed upon the young man's mind, that he had encountered his father and brother; and he explained that he had met them, and told also of their generous conduct towards him.

"Thank God! but that man is not y'er father," she said: "listen for one minute. I married a man I hated, for money; but my wild, fierce passions could not bear it—I broke his heart;—you were born after his death—I loved you—but no matter—I loved also a wild and wandering man. He was handsome to look upon, and he promised to make an honest woman of me, if I got rid of you. God had a hand in ye for good, though ye needn't thank me for it. So I left ye in a strange place, first setting my mark on ye; and after, whenever I could, I found out that ye were like an own child to poor Peg. But the love of gould followed us both; and at last the man was transported. It is quare how my love for him held out; but it did. I followed sin, that I might be sent where he was; and sure enough I found him in that land, which it's a shame to mintion. Still we longed to get back to ould Ireland; and though we returned too soon, yet we

meant to do well. but the informers got scent of him, and again we were forced to fly. I became a sorrowful mother to many children; and some of them I followed to the gallows-tree. And at last my heart turned to iron, and all sins seemed one; but, if a wretch like me can say so—I heard, and I read among some loose leaves (for I had my share of larning onst), that came from a house they wracked one night, that there was hope even for us! And I tould *thim* of it, but they laught at me; and even when my heart feels burst and burning, I think upon *thim* and strive to pray.”

With a trembling hand she drew from under the straw, some torn leaves of the Bible.

“I cannot see to lay them properly,” she said, “but this half I give to you, and these I will leave here; they will find them when I am dead. And God can bless them; may be, to salvation.”

Luke took the pages, while the tears flowed abundantly down his cheeks.

“And now,” said she, “go. I would not have them know ye for the world; they would want ye to be like them. Go—go—I shall see them; for they can only get food at night for me, like the wild bastes. One thing more—in the next town,” and she accurately described the street and house, “you

will find father O'Hay; tell him *all*, and *where* I am; a priest will niver turn *informer*; and he will come, and thin you may know where they lay my poor bones, and maybe, ye'd say one prayer for the soul of y'er sinful mother."

The unfortunate woman had only a little ray of light afforded her, to point the true path to a happy eternity; but to Luke it was granted, at a future period, to know and profit by the words of the Gospel of peace. That night he hastened to find the priest, who, to do him justice, was a kind and benevolent man. His mother died before the next sun set: he has often visited her grave: there he has often rejoiced in the hope, that the dead may have been received, even at the eleventh hour; and prayed that he may continue in the right way!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

IV.

CHRIST EXPOUNDING THE LAW.

I.

THE Voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words, " Let there be light !"
And light was kindled as th' Eternal spake ;
While Hosts Seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed Heaven, Earth, Sun, Sea, and crowned
the work with MAN.

II.

The Voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit, wrapped in midnight gloom ;
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flashed devouring flame ;
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
" Veil, Lord, thy terrors ; cease thy thunders, or we die !"







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III.

The Voice of God was mighty, when alone
Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast
Rent the huge mountains as JEHOVAH passed,
And the Earth quaked beneath the Holy One;
When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning glare—
And but the “still small voice” was heard—yet God
was there.

IV.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
The Voice of God was mighty, as it came
From the red mountain, or the car of flame:—
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form;
When Jesus came to work his Father’s will,
His was the Voice of God—and it was mighty still.

V.

He chid the billows—and the heaving sea
Lay hushed,—the warring winds obeyed his word,—
The conscious demons knew and owned their Lord,
And at his bidding set the captive free.—
But is not Hatred strong as wave or wind,
And are the Hosts of Hell more stubborn than man-
kind?

VI.

These, too, he vanquished. When the Holy Law
From his pure lips like mountain honey flowed :
Still, as he spake, the haughty heart was bowed,
Passion was calmed, and Malice couched in awe—
The Scribe, perversely blind, began to see,
And mute conviction held the humbled Pharisee.

VII.

“ Man never spake like this man,” was their cry,—
And yet he spake, and yet they heard in vain :
E’en as their Sires to idols turned again
When Sinai’s thunders shook no more the sky—
So these went back to bend at Mammon’s shrine,
And heard that Voice no more, yet felt it was Divine

THE SLAVE DEALER.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

I.

FROM ocean's wave a wanderer came,
With visage tanned and dun :
His mother, when he told his name,
Scarce knew her long-lost son ;
So altered were his face and frame
By th' ill course he had run.

II.

There was hot fever in his blood,
And dark thoughts in his brain ;
And oh ! to turn his heart to good
That mother strove in vain,
For fierce and fearful was his mood,
Racked by remorse and pain.

III.

And if, at times, a gleam more mild
Would o'er his features stray,
When knelt the widow near her child,
And he tried with her to pray,

It lasted not — for visions wild
Still scared good thoughts away.

IV.

“ There’s blood upon my hands,” he said,
“ Which water cannot wash :
It was not shed where warriors bled,
But dropped from the gory lash,
As I whirled it o’er and o’er my head,
And with each stroke left a gash.

V.

“ With every stroke I left a gash,
While Negro blood sprang high ;
And now all ocean cannot wash
My soul from murder’s dye ;
Nor e’en thy prayer, dear mother, quash
That Woman’s wild death-cry !

VI.

“ Her cry is ever in my ear,
And will not let me pray ;
Her look I see—her voice I hear—
As when in death she lay,
And said — ‘ With me thou must appear
On God’s great Judgment-Day ! ’ ”

VII.

“Now, Christ from frenzy keep my son!”
The woeful widow cried;
“Such murder foul thou ne’er hast done—
Some fiend thy soul belied!”—
“Nay, mother! the avenging One
Was witness when she died!”

VIII.

“The writhing wretch with cruel heel
I crushed,—no mortal nigh;
But that same hour her dread appeal
Was registered on high;
And now with God I have to deal,
And dare not meet His eye!”

ONCE 'T WAS MY HOPE.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

ONCE 't was my hope, upon this spot
A tender flower to raise ;
I thought its bloom would be my pride
Through many summer days :
But ere the sunbeam's smile had lured
Its perfect fragrance forth,
Its soft leaves severed from the stem,
Lay trampled on the earth !

I sorrowed all the winter time,
And bitter tears I shed ;
When spring returned it found me still
A mourner o'er the dead :
But soon I saw the plant arise,
And spurn its earthly tomb,
More beautiful than when I nursed
Its infancy of bloom !

That lesson in my memory
I'll treasure up with care ;
I will not sorrow for the dead
With impious, mad despair :
I know hereafter they'll shake off
This perishable earth,
And boast an immortality
Of beauty and of worth.

THE BATH OF ISIS.

THE project of the Jew Onias, to build in Egypt a rival temple to that at Jerusalem, was received by numbers of his countrymen with pleasure, and executed with alacrity. Harassed even to the death by internal faction, and the heavy oppression of their Syrian masters, they were still bound to the neighbourhood of the Holy City, by the strong tie of devotion, as being the spot exclusively marked out by Jehovah, for the sanctuary of his chosen race. But when this bond was supposed to be loosed by the prophecy which Onias so dexterously perverted to favour his purpose, multitudes of this troubled race gladly left their unquiet homes, and sought in the land where their fathers were bondmen of old, a refuge from domestic misery. All circumstances seemed advantageous to the scheme. Ptolemy Philometor, the reigning monarch, both from motives of policy and from regard to his confidential minister, would be inclined to shew them favour. The district appointed for their settlement, was one of the

most desirable in that fertile country. And the voice of the Lord, by the mouth of his prophet, was generally believed to have appointed this very time and place for the transfer of his worship from the profaned and dishonoured temple of Jerusalem.

A large caravan of these voluntary exiles departed from the coasts of Asher about Rehob. Among them was a man from the neighbouring mountains of Saron, called Anani, who, attended by an old servant, brought to join the band of emigrants, his only daughter Miriam, the last survivor of his house, a lovely girl just rising into womanhood. Five sons had successively been sent from his roof, to fight their country's cause in the army of the Maccabees; and all had fallen. And now the unhappy father resolved, in a distant land, to seek for himself and his last remaining hope, that peace which at home they had sighed and striven for in vain.

The company journeyed on without accident or hindrance as far as Heroopolis. Here they halted, and performed a solemn sacrifice of thanksgiving to Him whose providence had led them thus far on their way in safety, and offered up their fervent prayers for a blessing on the remainder of their enterprise. On the third day they resumed their march. Old Jakim, the servant of Anani, in addi-

to the tardiness of age, had been delayed by accident with their baggage; so that the asses which they rode were not prepared till some time the rest had gone forth from the city gates: when they reached the plain, they found themselves at a considerable distance from their company. Acting, however, to overtake them at the customary mid-day halt, they proceeded leisurely forward, when the sudden trampling of feet in their rear caused them to turn round, just as a javelin hurled from behind struck Anani in the shoulder and felled him to the earth. Miriam shrieked aloud when she beheld two fierce-looking barbarians ride rapidly up to complete their work, and plunder the now defenceless company. Alarmed, however, by some sudden movement in the rear of the caravan, the Arabs hastily retreated, leaving their victim bleeding on the ground. Miriam and old Anani, while they feebly endeavoured to raise him from the earth, and extract the barbed weapon from his wound, turned their longing eyes from time to time towards the dark moving mass of the caravan, now become indistinct in the distance, with the hope that their danger had been descried, and that detachment would speedily be sent to their assistance;—but in vain. The alarm had been given, that

the Arabs were upon them; and with the selfishness of fear, they were all urging their beast at full speed across the pathless desert. The noon-day sun was now showering down his fiercest beams, and Miriam's heart grew sick within her as she saw her countrymen abandoning them to what seemed certain destruction. She exhausted her strength in fruitless efforts to make herself heard; she waved her white veil, in hopes of attracting their attention. Alas! all in vain. They seemed now but as a dim cloud in the distance. Gradually the heavens became obscured, and a dull brazen glare spread over the horizon; Miriam was well aware of the horrid token. Every breath she drew was as a sulphurous draught. Her head swam, her eyes grew stiff in their sockets, and she sank on the ground, while a thousand hideous sounds rang in her ears, mingled with the gasping sobs of her dying father, and the despairing shrieks with which Jakim filled the echoless wilderness.

Slowly her senses returned. The burning heat of the desert was present to her imagination, yet she seemed not to feel its fury: the first involuntary exertion of her memory was to recall the thirst that had scorched her throat and lips; but in its stead a soothing coolness followed the gasp with which she drew the breath of restored consciousness. She

opened her eyes; they encountered not the fierce blaze reflected from the glaring sands, but dark waving curtains, shaken by a gentle breeze, whose pleasant whispers ran amongst the folds of the drapery. Around her were set jars of scented waters, which, exhaling from the porous vessels, filled the air with refreshing fragrance.

A party of noble youths from Latopolis, returning from hunting the antelope of the desert, had accidentally alighted upon the spot where the hapless wanderers lay. Anani was dead; Jakim was dying; Miriam lay colourless and insensible, but her bosom yet heaved, and her pulse still throbbed. Her beauty, and forlorn state, excited the interest and compassion of the whole troop. They raised her on a litter, composed of their hunting spears; their slaves formed a canopy of skins, to protect her from the sun; and thus they conveyed her to the house of one of the party, at his own earnest desire. He would not that a being so fair should owe life to any but himself.

Placed in a garden-tent, under the shade of a cluster of palm trees and sycamines, attended with the utmost care by those who were skilled in all the healing art of Egypt, Miriam shortly awoke to life and consciousness, and found, in her youthful pre-

server, Pelek, an earnest listener to her brief tale of sorrow. If her beauty had fascinated him, even in the arms of death—pale, senseless, unimpassioned—what was its enchantment when lit up with all the feeling, all the “tenderness that is of women,” as with burning cheek and streaming eyes she recounted her woes and wanderings, bewailed the loss of her father, her last friend on earth, and spoke in tones of agonized despair, of her hopeless, friendless lot; and finally appealed with fervent devotion to that Jehovah, whose name was dreadful in the annals of Egypt, to protect a daughter of Sion in the day of her distress.

There was a dignity in her sorrow, and in her religion, that awed the mind of the young idolater, while his heart was captivated by her charms. He strove with all his power to allay her grief and her apprehension; he assured her of security, of respect; telling her that his father was captain of the household guard, at the court of Ptolemy; and that he himself had ample power to restore her to her people, in such a manner as should ensure for her a kind and honourable reception. Violent grief never continues long: when soothed by kindness and consoled by hope, it easily allows itself to be lulled to composure, and gradually steepes itself in forget-

fulness. Miriam did not refuse to be comforted. Her deliverance from death had been miraculous; her lot was cast among friends, with the prospect of being restored to her kindred, under circumstances of prosperity and honour. She *might* have become a slave to some wandering Arab horde—she *was* a free maiden in a noble house. She might have perished miserably and unheard of, in the desert sands,—she was alive, and at ease, amid luxury and elegance. She might have been preserved by those who would have made her wish, in bitterness of spirit, that she had perished with her parent. Her life was due to one, whose tenderness was but too soon met with equal tenderness of her own; for whose presence she felt (though she dared not own the feeling even to herself) that friends, connexions, home, would be an inadequate compensation.

Day after day passed, long after she had entirely recovered the shock occasioned by the sad events of the wilderness, yet she expressed no impatience for the fulfilment of her young host's promise of conveying her to the new settlement of her people at Oneion. Day after day he strove, by varying all the amusements and enjoyments which Egypt affords, to prevent her mind from wearying of her present abode. Sometimes he placed her in a gilded canoe,

and rowed her to some delicious islet of the Nile; where unseen hands had prepared the choicest banquet, and unseen instruments enlivened them with sprightly lays. Sometimes he led her over lilled lawns, and through silent woods, and pointed out to her the beautiful animals that assembled there without molestation; the ibis bending its graceful form over the clear pool; the pelican pursuing its prey on the surface; the demoiselle dancing beside it; the bird of paradise spreading her rich plumage to the sun, but ever and anon cowering down among the thickets, through fear of the white eagle soaring above her. In some distant glade might occasionally be seen the gigantic cameleopard, cropping the lower branches of the tall trees, with her little calf sporting beside. Antelopes, in numbers, shot playfully across their path, and the merry chattering of the marmoset called the attention to admire its active gambols and brilliant hues. Nor were there wanting pleasures for the palate as well as for the eye. Beds of water-melons were disposed in parts where they were most likely to prove acceptable to the rangers of the groves. The mulberry, the citron and the gourd, presented their tempting produce on every side; the gold of the orange glittered through its glossy foliage; the vine hung her purple clusters

fantastically among the supporting branches of the sycamore. Such had been the care of a wealthy noble, to assemble all that could please or surprise in his wide domain.

Sometimes they sat beneath the perfumed shade of the yellow acacia, by the side of a clear lake, and listened to the songs of a chorus of native damsels, or watched their graceful movements in the dance. Then would the dark-browed performers seat themselves in a smiling circle around, and some one of them told a witching tale of the ancient days of Egypt. They related how the Deities veiled themselves in bestial forms, sacred since that time, to escape the rage of the infuriate Typhon; how the good Osiris was seized, torn limb from limb, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. They told those tales of celestial love, which betray their mortal origin; of the fatal wreath that discovered the amour of Typhon to the injured Orus; of the quadruple transformation of Bubastis to win the love of Menes. Nor were there wanting traditions of a kind more congenial to humanity; of genii of dark caves and sulphureous springs, who, smit with the love of mortal maids, put off their immortal natures, and made themselves as the sons of men; of spirits subjected to human power by talisman or spell; of the

awful reappearance of the shadowy dead. Smiling half with disdain, half with amusement at these wild legends, Miriam listened with deep attention. She compared, indeed, the boundless might and unsullied purity of the Lord of Hosts, with the weakness, the imperfection, the debased sensuality of these worshipped demons, and congratulated herself on the superior light of a Jewish mind. But she listened to these accounts, not only without offence, but with complacency. Their romantic character won upon her mind—the truth, artfully intertwined with the imaginative mythus, silenced her reason; and Miriam, when she worshipped Jehovah, after the manner of her fathers, felt her adoration cold and formal and subdued, compared with the unrestrained energy, the ecstatic fervour with which the children of Egypt poured out their souls to the star-clad Isis, or her radiant brother.

One morning, ere the sun had arisen over the Libyan mountains, Miriam was summoned by the damsels, her fellows, to bear them company in an expedition of some length. She found Pelek, as usual, at her side; he attended her in silence to the shore, where a small galley, magnificently garnished and rigged, awaited them. Twelve stout Ethiopian slaves, whose white garments were well set off by

limbs as black as jet, worked at the oar, while four others stood ready to erect a mast and spread a sail, as soon as the wind should favour. They took their seats, and the vessel glided swiftly down the river. It was a heavenly morn. Except the streak of vivid crimson, edged with gold, that proclaimed to half the horizon the approach of the king of day, the whole sky presented an unbroken field of purest blue. The river-horse had but just arisen from his bed of flags and water-lilies, and stood on the bank, shaking the night-dews from his mane. The white Nile-goose had just taken her head from beneath her wing, to commence her indefatigable pursuit after the young fry of fish, and the gay-coloured newts that swarm among the bulrushes. All looked fresh and lovely abroad, but Pelek was silent and serious; and Miriam felt, she knew not why, a corresponding dejection. Their companions, as they were wont, sat in silence, with downcast eyes, until their services should be required. The splash of the oars, or the scream of the pelican, pouncing on its prey in the very water of the boat, alone broke the stillness of the scene.

Mid-day was past. An awning, spread over the upper part of the boat, protected them from the powerful sun. The boat floated swiftly down a

strong current. On, on they went till evening. The sun was beginning to redden in the west, when his rays fell full upon the lofty pinnacles and towers of a distant city, which purpled by the evening beams, shewed tokens of no ordinary magnificence. At a signal from Pelek, the sable mariners ran the vessel into a little harbour. Taking Miriam by the hand, he led her out of the boat without any of their usual attendants, and conducted her to a rising ground which commanded a wide and fertile plain, reaching without interruption, even to the walls of the city of which they had had a passing glimpse from the river.

“Thou seest, Miriam,” said the Egyptian, “the far-famed City of the Sun. As far as thine eye can reach is the inheritance of thy people—the nome of Heliopolis, obtained for his countrymen by the sage Onias, from our royal master Ptolemy. Cast thine eye to the right of the large tower that terminates the wall. Seest thou not a huge mass of undistinguishable building? That was of old the most frequented temple of the queen of heaven, the righteous Isis. Time and chance have consigned it to desolation. But on its ruins the men of thy nation are even now erecting a sanctuary to their vaunted God, the Deity whom they boast to have overthrown the

gods of Egypt, and baffled their wisest priests. Be it so. I leave such tales, true or false, to those who are concerned to defend or deny them. But thou, Miriam, art thou prepared to join them in their blind and slavish superstition? Lo! here am I, ready to fulfil the word I pledged to thee after thou wert rescued from the very jaws of the grave. One blast of this horn will bring to your side an escort to convey you to the fane of Bubastis. There wilt thou find thy countrymen wasting under their slavish duties; building a dwelling for the God whom they profess to believe is in all places alike, and hoping a peculiar blessing by offering to the Lord of the universe, a petty chamber for his abiding. Art thou prepared to join them in their folly? Wilt thou leave those whose lives would be gladly expended to give thee a moment of happiness, to join thy stern unfeeling race, who know no sympathies, no kindness; and whose religion but teaches them to war with their brethren, and to hate all beside?"

Miriam was quite unprepared for this sudden appeal. Aware of the hatred and contempt in which her nation was generally held by foreigners, the invectives of Pelek moved her not. But to leave *him*, and to leave him thus—and his tone so sad, so

solemn!—She sunk on her knees, and bowed her forehead to the ground.

Pelek saw his advantage, and hastened to profit by it.

“Hearken, maiden,” he said; “there was a time when it would have been a foul abomination for a noble Egyptian to unite with one of thy race; but it is not so now. The deeds of your Maccabæan warriors have raised you to the grade of nobles. Our kings and chiefs have taken your princes by the hand, and we scorn not to follow their example. Can’st not thou do alike, Miriam? Wilt not thou lay aside the pride of thy nation, and yield to be happy—to love and to be loved? Wilt thou not do this, my Miriam?”

She arose slowly from the ground, and answered in a faltering tone, “My religion—the religion of my fathers”—

“Speak not of it,” interrupted the youth impatiently; “thou shalt worship thine own God after thine own fashion. I swear by my sword (a soldier’s best oath), that not only shalt thou adore Jehovah, but I too will offer sacrifice and incense to him as thou shalt direct me. So far, at least, as not to offend the absurd prejudices of our most religious people, thy God shall be my God. And thou too,

Miriam, hast often joined the circle of our damsels when they danced in honour of their venerated deities. Continue to do the same—no more shall be required of thee than thine inclination prompts. Be mine upon these conditions.”

The fair Hebrew saw her peril, but had not resolution to fly from it. She was as one of those whom the poet fables to have eaten of the lotus-fruit, and forgotten country and home;—she did more; she forgot her God; and flinging herself upon Pelek’s breast, murmured “upon these conditions.”

He took a buffalo-horn from his girdle, and blew two blasts. A small boat was seen to shoot out from a little creek, and make its way rapidly against the stream in the direction of Latopolis. The now betrothed pair returned slowly to their galley, no less silent than they had left it; but oh! with what altered feelings. The vessel moved steadily up the stream, and night overtook them ere they reached the palace of Pelek. Miriam was all astonishment at its appearance. A thousand lamps, of a thousand different colours, blazed from its every point. Figures on the bank were seen brandishing in their hands flambeaux of scented wood which filled the air with fragrance. Little bowls of perfumed oils, decorated with wreaths of flowers, floated down the

river, and lit it up with one continuous blaze, frightening the wild fowl from their sedgy nests, and attracting to the surface myriads of fish, who leaped and gambolled in the unwonted splendour. Pelek turned to his beloved, who was gazing with wonder and admiration at the scene,—“Thus do the servants of Egypt welcome home their mistress. Light of my house and of my heart! how triumphantly, how happily do I bring thee back to a dwelling, from which I took thee this morning with the chilling fear that thou wouldest never return to it. I would have accepted no divided heart: while thy people and thy kindred occupied thy thoughts and wishes, I would not have sought to detain thee. Now thou art wholly mine, and mine for ever.”

Thus saying, he lifted her from the boat, while a troop of Egypt's dark-eyed daughters flocked around them, dancing exultingly to the sound of the harp, the timbrel, and the flute, whose music rang on every side, through the chambers of the palace and the bowers of the garden. Then came a hoary priest of Isis. He threw over her shoulders a scarf, covered with mysterious figures and spangled with many-coloured dyes. On her head he set a little coronet of gold, in front of which a crescent moon blazed with gems. Miriam, intoxicated with love and pomp, resisted

not these emblems of idolatry. They then conducted her through winding paths to a sequestered spot, where the frowning shade was not, like the rest of the garden, relieved by lamps hung among the branches. But the moon shed her beams in a cold shower upon the clear mirror of a small tank, and upon the white marble of a little temple which stood beside it, whence a flight of steps of the same material led down to the waters. It was said that the goddess Isis, rising from this pool, once appeared in human form to an Egyptian warrior; that she loved him; and that from this love sprang the house of Pelek. The attendants explained to Miriam, that it was the custom for every bride of the family to mark her entrance into it by baptism in this sacred water. The maiden, half-lost as she was, started at the thought of their paying adoration to a heathen deity. She appealed to the bridegroom,—

“Was it not thy promise, O Pelek! that I should adore the God of my fathers with my country’s worship, nor be pressed to bow down to those whom we deem no Gods?”

“This rite,” answered Pelek, “is no national institute. It is merely a family observance, a form peculiar to ourselves, and ever considered indispensable to render our marriages complete.”

He then entreated her not to persist in refusing compliance with so innocent a ceremony; the priest muttered something of the vengeance of the goddess if defrauded of her usual honours; the damsels and bride-maidens deprecated, even with tears and shrieks, the omission of the customary observance; and Miriam, at length overpowered and silence ceased to oppose them. Her compliance was received with a general shout of delight.

"Take this sistrum," said the old priest, "and proceed alone to yon temple. A gate at the back will admit you through the archway at the head of the staircase; suspend your sistrum to the silver hook on the left-hand pillar; dip yourself thrice in the waters, and, after each plunge, strike a note upon the instrument. At the third stroke we will hasten to greet you as the legitimate mistress of this noble house."

With a heavy heart, she took the instrument, and wound her way through the gloomy shades. The assembled company, Pelek among the first, watched for her appearance at the mystic spot in silent anxiety. Shortly she was seen to emerge from the darkness, and stand awhile like a lovely statue beneath the marble archway. She then began to descend the steps, and the high bank and into

vening bushes gradually concealed her from their view. Soon the faint tinkling of the sistrum was heard, announcing the first immersion to be completed; and every damsel struck her harp or timbrel in joyful response. Again the sound was heard: again the reply was made by the assembled choir; and the Isiac priest produced the bridal chaplet, and prepared to head the procession and meet her on her return. They waited but for the third stroke as a signal for their advance, when a loud and piercing shriek of agony broke from the consecrated bath. All rushed with horror and amazement to the spot. Not a trace was to be seen of the young bride. The sistrum hung on its silent pillar, but she who should have awakened its signal note was gone! Whispers passed among the superstitious throng, respecting the strange and astounding circumstance. Had some geni of the water seized upon her as the victim of his passion? Had Isis, from envy of a form so fair, avenged her surpassed beauty by the destruction of her intruding rival? Such things were familiar to their country's legends. Pelek heeded them not nor heard them, but wrung his hands in speechless and despairing agony.

Presently a rustling was heard among the rushes and lotus beds that fringed the edge of the tank,

and the water in that part became violently agitated. The motion drove to the side a white object, which was eagerly seized as soon as within reach. A fair, delicate hand, severed and bleeding at the wrist, at once revealed the sad fate of the Hebrew maiden. The monster of the river had avenged her forgetfulness of her people — her infidelity to her God.

SONNET.

BY J. E. ROSCOE.

YES! there are sympathies fate cannot part,
Of souls and thoughts that mingle with our own —
Though earth and sea their barriers wide have thrown
To sever us in being ; — yet our heart
Breathes the same hope, the same aspiring knows,
With all the pure and good whom we have met ;
Where holy influence, lingering round us yet,
Burns at oppression, or at virtue glows.
Oh yes! our future being may disclose
The impressions mind has left on kindred mind ;
Thoughts worthy heaven, all sacred and refined ;
The angel charm, which friendship round us throws.
And then, beloved, it may be thine to see.
The hope, strength, joy, which thou hast been to me!

THE OVERTHROW OF ZEBAH AND ZALMUNNA.

[JUDGES viii.].

Who are ye, who through the night
Onward urge your desperate flight ?
Far and wide the hills repeat
The hurried tread of armed feet,
Ringing helm and dying groan,
The crash of chariots overthrown,
And muttered curse and menace dire,
As warriors in their rage expire.—
From the vengeance of the Lord,
From the terrors of the sword,
From Karkor's field with slaughter red,
Have Zebah and Zalmunna fled.—

He who checked their haughty boast,
Hard upon that flying host
Presses, with avenging spear
Flashing on their scattered rear :
Nor can hills of slaughter tire
The pursuer's burning ire ;
Still along the hills are poured
Shouts of " Gideon and the Lord !"

Morning spread her wings of light
O'er the sable couch of night ;

Back the shades of darkness rolled,
Glowed the purple east with gold,
And the young day's rosy glance
Gleamed on broken helm and lance,
Ere the fearful chase was won,
Ere the fierce pursuit was done,
Or the slayer stayed his hand,
Or the warrior sheathed his brand,
And pealed along the host the cry,
"The Lord hath won the victory!"

Lo! Zebah and Zalmunna come,
Unheralded by trump or drum;
Harp and timbrel now are mute,
Cymbal loud and softer flute:
And where are they, the bands that rent
At morn with shouts the firmament?
Like clods, far-stretched o'er plain and hill
Their limbs are stiff, their lips are still!
Broken is the arm of war;
Quenched in night is Midian's Star!

Hot with toil, and stained with blood,
Yet still in spirit unsubdued,
To the champion of the Lord
Midian's princes yield the sword.
Pomp and power and crown and life,
All were staked on that fell strife:

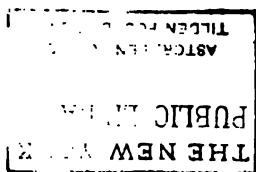
All are lost ! — yet still they bear
A monarch's pride in their despair—
A warrior's pride, that will not yield
Though vanquished on the battle-field.—

“ Captives of my bow and spear !
Zebah and Zalmunna, hear :—
God hath smitten down the pride
Of Midian on the mountain's side ;
Ye are given, a helpless prey,
Into Israel's hand to day :
Gideon's arm is strong to spare—
Princes, boldly now declare
The form and bearing of the brave
Who at Tabor found a grave !”
His head the high Zalmunna raised,
A moment on the victor gazed,
And paused until the tide of thought
The image back to memory brought :
His reply was stern and brief—
“ As thou art—were they, O chief !
Each a regal crown might wear,
Each might be a monarch's heir.”—

With a sudden start and cry,
Quivering lip and blazing eye,
Gideon smote his clenched hand
Fiercely on his battle brand—

THE SAVING OF ENRIQUE ELLI





The grave-worm revels now
Upon his mouldering clay—
And He, before whose car the mountains bow—
The rivers roll away
In conscious awe—He only can revive
Corruption's withering prey, and call the dead to live!

III.

Yet still the sisters keep
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,
Watching for Jesus—"Comes he not to weep?
He did not come to save!"—
But now *one* straining eye
Th' advancing Form hath traced;—
And soon in wild resistless agony
Have Martha's arms embraced
The Saviour's feet—"O Lord! hadst thou been nigh—
But speak the word e'en now—it shall be heard on high."

IV.

They led him to the cave—
The rocky bed where now in darkness slept
Their brother, and his friend—then at the grave
They paused—for "JESUS WEPT."
O Love, sublime and deep!
O Hand and Heart divine!
He comes to rescue, though he deigns to weep—
The captive is not thine,
O Death! thy bands are burst asunder now—
There stands beside the grave a Mightier far than thou!

V.

“Come forth,” He cries, “thou dead!”
O God! what means that strange and sudden sound,
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a LIVING FORM—
The loved, the lost, the won,
Won from the grave, corruption and the worm—
“And is not this the Son
Of God?” they whispered—while the sisters poured
Their gratitude in tears: for THEY had known the Lord.

VI.

Yet now the son of God—
For such he was in truth—approached the hour
For which alone the path of thorns he trod;—
In which to thee the Power,
O Death! should be restored—
And yet restored in vain,—
For though the blood of ransom must be poured,
The spotless Victim slain;
He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,
And make the cold, dark grave a portal to the skies!

THE FESTIVAL

OF

The Translation of the Scriptures.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF AN INCIDENT BELONGING
TO THE TIMES OF THE REFORMATION.

BY

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ONE of the most important events in history is, by universal consent, the REFORMATION. Whether we advert to the nature of the subject itself, which excited the fierce discussions of that period; to the magnitude of the interests involved in their result; to the influence of the great questions which were then agitated, both upon cotemporaneous and succeeding movements in the religious and political communities; or, lastly, to the extraordinary developments of mental energy and moral character which were then elicited,—scarcely any era can so much

deserve the consideration of the philosopher and the Christian. Accordingly, it wants nothing, even of the interest, and we might almost say, of the excitement at first awakened, although three centuries • have elapsed since the commencement of the mighty struggle,—the *commencement* it may reasonably be termed, because the two ecclesiastical systems, which were then brought into conflict, are still in hostile operation; and, from the very nature of their principles respectively, can admit of no compromise.

The general progress of knowledge, the increase of civilization, and the degree of ascendancy in the scale of nations acquired, and at present maintained, by the people who are the most zealous and effective supporters of Protestantism—which, although then only struggling into existence, now sways the councils of princes, and the sentiments of millions,—undoubtedly tend to modify the *character* of the warfare, and the language of those who urge it forward. It is, nevertheless, momentous, and vital, as well as continual,—necessarily implicating the highest interests of the human race. As Christianity itself, in conformity with the predictions of its divine Author, has triumphantly resisted the opposing forces of the world, and secured a spiritual

rule amidst the downfall of successive empires, we anticipate, and upon the same authority, that *pure*, in contra-distinction from *corrupted* Christianity, must obtain a final and everlasting dominion.

To either of the two, therefore, which have a kind of natural contrariety in principle, admitting, as it has been just intimated, of no compromise, may be applied, and with a cheerful confidence as to the issue, the celebrated test of Gamaliel,—“If this counsel, or this work, be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.”

All the world is now acquainted with the general outline of the story. Albert, Elector of Mentz, having received the commission from Leo X., to dispense indulgences in Germany, sent Tetzels, a Dominican friar, into Saxony, as his agent. This man possessed an insinuating eloquence, which was combined with sufficient effrontery and zeal in the cause. The success of his efforts in the immediate vicinity of Wittemberg, roused the indignation of Luther, who was, at the time, professor of theology and philosophy in the University.

About the end of September, 1517, this indignation burst forth in his publicly maintaining ninety-

five propositions against indulgences, which were afterwards affixed to the doors of the principal church. Tetzel published two Theses in reply, and burnt his opponent's writings. The students, contrary to their professor's wish, recriminated on Tetzel in a similar manner. The controversy was, for some time, of a private nature, till the Pope summoned Luther to appear before him at Rome, within sixty days, to answer for his heresies. The Elector Frederic, however, screened him from the papal violence, by representing that his case belonged entirely to the jurisdiction of a German tribunal, and must be decided by the ecclesiastical laws: upon which, it was referred to Cajetan, the cardinal legate at the diet of Augsburg; and afterwards to Miltitz, a Saxon knight, at the Romish court.

Subsequently, a public disputation was held at Leipsic, whither Luther and Melancthon accompanied their friend Carlostadt, the divinity professor, who was engaged to discuss the points of difference with Eckius. Luther himself, at length, took the place of Carlostadt in the dispute: the chief result of which was, on the one side, to envenom the popish party; and on the other, to rouse Melancthon into a more avowed attachment to the reformed cause.

In June, 1520, the Pope, at the instigation of Eckius and the Dominicans, issued a bull of excommunication against Luther; who, on the 10th of December following, publicly committed it to the flames, together with the decretals of the pontiffs, in token of his resolved and final separation from the Romish communion.

Leo applied to Charles V., immediately after his coronation as emperor, to punish the great offender; but the influence of Frederic, surnamed **THE WISE**, whose sagacious policy was, throughout, of eminent service to the newly promulgated doctrine, was sufficient to procure a diet at Worms, professedly for the purpose of fair inquiry. At this crisis, the friends of Luther became excessively alarmed, while his own intrepidity increased with the danger; and, as his friend expresses it, "*he would have willingly purchased the advancement and glory of the Gospel at the price of his blood!*" His person was indeed unmolested, at which we may be justly surprised; but an edict was issued in the name of the emperor, declaring him a member cut off from the church, a schismatic and heretic, and interdicting all persons from receiving or protecting him, under penalty of high treason. Frederic, however, contrived to have him seized, as

if by ruffians, on his return, and conveyed to the castle of Wartenberg, near Eisenach. The consequences of this event were, in various ways, favourable to the Reformation; in despite alike of Henry the Eighth's virulent hostility and his defence of the seven sacraments, and the condemnation of Luther's writings by the divines of the Sorbonne in France.

The "*Loci Communes Theologici*" of Melancthon, first issued in 1521, contained a plain exposition of the leading sentiments of the Reformers, and proved of great importance in diffusing religious truth. The noblest achievements, however, of this, and a few subsequent years, was the Translation of the Scriptures into the German language. This noble work was begun by Luther, during his temporary banishment; and afterwards carried on to its completion, by the united efforts of himself, Melancthon, Caspar Cruciger, Justus Jonas, and others.

Notwithstanding the intemperate zeal of Carlos-tadt, the blind enthusiasm of the Anabaptists of Muncer, the rise of the sacramental controversy which had a tendency to divide chief friends, the death of Frederic the Wise, and other apparently untoward events, the reformed cause was placed, by this achievement, upon a foundation sure and

impregnable. The "seed of the kingdom" was now effectually sown; and though storms might agitate the atmosphere and deluges descend, they could not affect, except beneficially, the secret and powerful vegetation of the imperishable word. It took "deep root downwards," and produced "much fruit upwards!" working its way, and diffusing its resistless influence in every direction.

After the completion of this important labour, it was the custom of Bugenhagen (called also, Pomeranus, from his country), to celebrate the event, in a manner consonant with his benevolent disposition. It was his custom to invite a select company of friends to his house, at each returning anniversary. This meeting acquired the name of THE FESTIVAL OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. The reader may not be disinclined for once to make one of this illustrious, though small, assembly: he is requested, therefore, to plume his imagination to the backward flight over three centuries of time, and enter the dwelling of the venerable pastor of Wittemberg.

It is now the year of the Christian era 1535.

Upon the countenance of *Bugenhagen* might be seen depicted that gentleness and kindness, which even his bitterest enemies admitted to be a charac-

teristic feature of the mind. The force of conviction had united him with the friends of the Reformation, after he had long persisted in disseminating opposite doctrines; but, having once embraced the truth, he laboured with indefatigable assiduity to diffuse it, in Hamburgh, Lubeck, Denmark, and other places. His zeal, however, was undebased by asperity and virulence. He won his way by sound argument, supported by an extensive erudition; and having afforded valuable assistance in preparing the German version, this anniversary was, to him, a day of peculiar and holy excitement. Although he had now lived fifty years in the world, and had engaged, with all his intellectual vigour, in the painful struggle which had marshalled so many mighty spirits on either side, the placidity of his temper, the benevolence of his feelings, and the piety of his heart, were such as to give him an air of comparative juvenility, and he seemed like a verdant plant beside the rivers of waters.

Opposite to this excellent man, occupying what, in modern times, we should call the vice-presidency of the convivial board, sat one who was his junior by several years, but perhaps his equal in solid and various learning. This was *Justus Jonas*, principal of the college, an office he had now discharged for

fourteen years, with distinguished honour to himself, and advantage to the reformed cause. Educated a lawyer, he had become, under the combined influence of circumstances and religious feeling, a preacher. Perhaps his general appearance bespoke thoughtfulness, rather than ardour; but with the penetrating eye of his original calling. It was evident that his opinions had great weight with his friends, and his conversation was often tinged with classical allusion.

On the one side of Jonas was *Aurogallus*, whose patient labour and industry were of eminent service in advancing the new translation; a sober, well-instructed man, and teacher of languages, at Wittenberg. Near him, *Rorarius*, the indefatigable corrector of the press, was seated.

The youngest of this venerable party, *Caspar Cruciger*, was not, however, the least in point of literary attainments. In Chaldee especially, he was acknowledged to be pre-eminent; and he well merited an honourable place at this feast of friendship, with *George Major*, of similar age.

In this illustrious group of Christian heroes, there were two, towards whom the eye of every spectator, had spectators been admitted, must have instinctively turned; for, independently of the part they had

taken in the religious movements of the age, there was an attraction about their appearance respectively, though each was strikingly different from the other, that rivetted attention at once. The one, who occupied the seat on the left hand of the president, was tall and muscular in his figure. His eye was generally bent downwards, with an expression of modesty, not to say of diffidence; yet, whenever it was raised, there was a fire in it which bespoke alike acuteness and imagination. His smile occasionally bordered upon a sarcastic expression, altogether remote, however, from malignity; but in general it was all benevolence. His manner indicated that he was always willing to learn; but his countenance and language proved that he was born to teach. He possessed, undoubtedly, the most cultivated mind in the circle; and in rank, both as a learned man and a reformer, was pre-eminent. Conversible, but not obtrusive; affectionate, perhaps pliant, but not weak; acute, but not querulous; facetious, but not inconsiderate, or prone to levity; learned, but not vain; great in intellect,—greater in activity,—greatest in piety. Can it be doubted that this was *Philip Melancthon*?

The master spirit of the age only remains to be introduced. Introduction, indeed, he needs not;

for the stout, open-faced, bold-looking occupant of the chair on the president's right, could be no other than *Martin Luther*. His enterprising, intrepid spirit breathed in every word, in every look, in every attitude of his body. He was, nevertheless, kind, though still somewhat dogmatic, to his chosen few; and on this occasion naturally shone as the sun of the system. Light and cheerfulness were spread around him; and if he evinced at times, even here, the vehemence and arrogance of his mind, and the rudeness of an unpolished manner, it must be recollected that his redeeming qualities (and who could regard the *exterior* only?) were precious jewels in that inelegant casket.

But we will no longer detain the reader from the animated conversation we wish to record, and in which he may not find it difficult to trace some of the peculiarities of the individuals concerned, while he is led to perceive the general position in which the affairs of the Reformation stood at that juncture.

BUGENHAGEN.—Well, Jonas, what think you by this time, of the *Lutheran Tragedy*?*

* The description given by Erasmus of those religious contentions, which issued in the Reformation.

JUSTUS JONAS.—Truly, my friend, I must confess that a festival is rather an inappropriate scene in a drama of such a character ; unless, indeed (which I trust will not be the case), it is to issue in a melancholy catastrophe. With reference to the church of Rome, the description may not be inapplicable ; for the last thirty-seven years have been sufficiently afflictive to the Popedom, the whole body of which seems to writhe with anguish, like the gladiator who has received the mortal stroke.

LUTHER.—Yes ; and I fancy it has been a period tragical enough to him who invented the expression. With all my feelings of indignation at the vacillating conduct of Erasmus, I can hardly help mingling those of real pity. He seems ever to have been goaded by conviction, yet bridled by fear. I admire his fine and cultivated mind, while I detest his miserable indecision. The fact is, he has always been desirous of conciliating, without venturing openly to unite with us ; and, on the other hand, has been sagacious enough to discern the vices and absurdities of the Popish church, without having the nobleness of character to sacrifice his reputation on the holy altar of Truth. I pity, I say, while I blame the man, who is neither for Christ, nor against him ; in whom the fear of shame predominates over the love

of God; and whose name will descend to posterity at once emblazoned with distinction, and tarnished with dishonour.

BUGENHAGEN.—I must own that I participate in your sentiments, Martin. The vacillation in question has not been that which may be supposed to arise from a doubt of the evidence adduced in support of a system of doctrine, or in proof of the justice of the cause; for we are assured, that Erasmus admits that we are on the side of truth, and have not been guilty of any flagrant indiscretions. It is simply the result of an apprehension, well-founded, indeed, but unworthy of consideration, that in becoming a Reformer, he loses his influence as a Catholic, and his associations as a scholar.

CRUCIGER.—I cannot forget the sentiments he expressed in a letter which our beloved Bucer shewed us, in which he distinctly intimated, that his love of life was stronger than the love of truth.

MAJOR.—On which account he wished to decline being present at the diet of Augsburg.

JONAS.—Erasmus is no hero of the order of the three hundred at Thermopylæ!

MELANTHON.—My dear friends are, I think, going too far; for —

LUTHER (*interrupting him*).—Now, Philip, I be-

seech you, let us have none of your apologies. You know very well his wariness, which I call weakness—criminal weakness. Erasmus was a dastardly fellow, and dare not avow his convictions that the Confession was the substantial Gospel.

[A gentle smile played upon the lips of Melancthon, which bespoke at once his estimate of the language and character of the great reformer. It shewed his reverence for his person, and dislike of his impetuosity. Accustomed, however, to his frequent ebullitions of feeling, but assured that they proceeded from mere temporary excitement, far more than from any spirit of domination, he generally let the hurricane pass unnoticed; justly calculating, that the tranquillity of his mind would certainly and speedily return. As though he heeded not, therefore, Melancthon continued his remarks:]

Some allowance ought surely to be made, both for the peculiar character of mind, which distinguishes Erasmus, and for the circumstances in which he is placed. He is, in a sense, of neither party, and yet of both. I grant you, he is involved in difficulty by his own fault: he was, perhaps, never made for a martyr, in the highest sense; and yet he is involuntarily crucified, by the almost concurrent feelings of friends and enemies.

LUTHER.—Crucified? Yes, and he deserves his fate.

MELANTHON.—Is it not possible, however, to be guilty of excess, even in a good cause? Were we scrupulously to examine the conduct of some of the earliest disciples of our Lord, I question if their zeal might not, in certain cases, be deemed extravagant. They were not right in courting persecution—in voluntarily running into danger, and even irritating their persecutors for the direct purpose of instigating them to inflict a violent death. Their motive, indeed, was pure; but their proceedings extravagant. Was it not, in some degree, zeal without knowledge?

LUTHER.—I tell you, my dear Philip, yours is a shuffling kind of argument: it is nothing better than an evasion of the question, and a sagacious apology for a cold, calculating, vacillating man. Can you be so absurd as to persuade yourself, that you have produced a parallel case? Has there ever been any thing in Erasmus that resembles the heroism of the first Christians to whom you refer, even 'bating what you are pleased to denominate their extravagance? I am satisfied, that while *his* religion is full of policy, *theirs* was full of heroism. And you, Philip, you would even extenuate his

sneaking cowardice, and condemn their noble boldness! Give me death in a good cause, rather than life in a doubtful one! I would rather be called an extravagant fool for Christ's sake, than a hesitating sycophant, or an artful go-between, for the world's sake. I shall not, perhaps, contend that they were altogether justifiable in volunteering to suffer, and designedly enraging the tigers; but there was in their behaviour, and even in the very excess of their zeal, a certain grandeur, a daring so sublime, that their names must be had in everlasting remembrance. I trust that some of us, at least, have had the grace to imitate their boldness; and to "go forth," in an age too resembling theirs—when the lion roars again, and hell is in arms,—to "go forth in the presence of our persecutors, rejoicing that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of the Lord Jesus." I said, at a former period, that I would go to Worms, though there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses; and I say again, that I would meet the wretched progeny of the mother of harlots, though every hand wielded a thousand swords, and every stone in my way were an incarnate fiend! These are no times for temporizers; but blessed be God, we have obtained many triumphs, and our cause is and must be successful.

MELANCTHON.—As to its success and ultimate establishment, I entertain no apprehensions, at least, no despondency. The providence of God has wonderfully overruled events, even those which appeared disastrous; and God has promised never to forsake his church: I may state also, and I take it as no inconsiderable proof of his kind designs, that he has wonderfully brought us together as coadjutors in the work which is dear to all our hearts. The thought of what we have been enabled to accomplish, however imperfectly; and of the endearing union which has subsisted amongst us; and I might even humbly add, the adaptation of each as an instrument to fulfil the destinations of Providence, will no doubt furnish delightful retrospections on the bed of death, and a glorious subject of converse in the celestial world. At the present moment, however, I must acknowledge, that I am sensibly oppressed with the afflictions of the church; particularly the vain attempt at Leipsic to restore union, and the hollow pretensions that have so frequently been held out with regard to a general council.*

* An attempt was made to allay religious animosities, by the meeting of Melancthon and Pontanus on the part of the Protestants, with deputies sent to Leipsic by Ferdinand and Duke George on the part of the Catholics. Vehus, who represented

LUTHER.—How you could have expected union at Leipsic, is to me astonishing! My dear Philip, you are deceived in these people: you are always fancying that they are willing to be reconciled, and be at peace with us; and so indeed they are, upon one condition, and one only, that we sacrifice all the essential principles for which we have been so long and strenuously contending. Cerberus will be quiet enough, if you will give him a proper sop, and dip it well in concession: but you see that the firmness with which you so honourably maintained your ground in the late discussions, rendered all your attempts abortive; and the dog, depend upon it, will bark still, and bite too.

MAJOR.—Our friend must console himself amidst his and our disappointments, that the reformed cause seems to wear a promising aspect, both in England and France; and it is no small honour to have been invited by the two potentates into their respective countries. If I am rightly informed, the queen of Navarre, and other illustrious women,

Ferdinand, produced a form of concord; but it affirmed the most objectionable doctrines of Popery, particularly the meritorious efficacy of the mass to obtain the remission of sins. In these conferences, Melancthon appeared at once the inflexible adherent to essential truths, and the zealous promoter of peace and piety.

urged the king of France, her brother, to send the invitation.

BUGENHAGEN.—Yes, it was an honourable call, and my dear Philip might have fulfilled a noble and useful service; but I fear with great personal hazard.

JONAS.—It might have been a perilous, but would certainly have been a glorious undertaking.

MELANCTHON.—You are well aware, friends, that I was desirous of going: it might, as you remark, have been dangerous; but I trust I have never disowned or deserted principles I hold dear, when it has been required that they should be solemnly avowed.

[All concurred in this declaration; and the fact seems to have been, that although this eminent reformer was amiable by nature, and on some occasions overawed by Luther's violence, on points in which perhaps he did not fully agree with him, or had not entirely decided; yet, in his encounters with the adversaries of the Reformation, he was uncompromising, and faithful to his principles, whatever might be the probable results.]

CRUCIGER.—I regret exceedingly that the Elector would not consent to the proposal.

MAJOR.—That is my feeling.

LUTHER.—Regret it? Yes, and I blame him too. He was wrong and foolish. John Frederic is a zealous patron, and a worthy successor of Frederic and John; but has shewn too little judgment in this case, or too much selfishness. No man values Philip more than I do, if half as much; but I would have said, Go, cost what it will; yes, if it cost his life. These are times, and this is a cause, in which we have already encountered, and must again face both men and devils; and I would say of our religion, as the poet does of our country—

“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*”

The Elector was wrong, very wrong. It is galling to know, which I am assured is the fact, that the very expectation of seeing Philip, had already put a stop to the persecutions in France.*

BUGENHAGEN.—It is, however, most gratifying to find, that France and England have sent these requests; and especially that in the latter, good is doing. I have been exceedingly gratified with the cordial and even entreating terms in which Francis has written, and with the fact, that even

* This is mentioned in Seckendorf's History, and in Luther's Works.

Cardinal Bellaius and Langey have seconded the mission of Voræus.

LUTHER.—Yes, yes, this is all very good; but I have no doubt there is a touch of temporising policy in the proceedings of Francis. He is very anxious about his claims on Italy, and very desirous of gaining the Protestant princes to his interests, by a little accommodating flattery where he imagines it will answer his purpose. He may talk as he pleases, for this costs nothing; but I abhor the man, after all, that can, at the very moment of his application in sugared words, burn six Protestants as heretics! The fool can praise and persecute by turns.

BUGENHAGEN.—I could have wished our dear Philip had gone—he would have fathomed his sentiments, as well as promoted our cause; but I should have felt deeply apprehensive on his own account. Francis I. is, I have no doubt, a dissembler. Cardinal Tournon was a violent remonstrant against the invitation; and will any one believe that the Sorbonne divines can forget the satirical pen of Melancthon?

LUTHER.—No, no; the Parisian Sophists are of no temper to forgive or concede. Your flagellation of them, Philip, was gloriously done; and I

protest, the day I received it was one of the ha in my *Patmos*.*

A pause having ensued, Bugenhagen rose and left the room. In a few minutes he returned, with a copy of Melancthon's celebrated Rejoinder in his hand, proposing to read a few passages in it, which he particularly marked, as not only amusing, but illustrative of the essential cause of disunion between Luther and the Catholic church. The modesty of the author would have prevented this display, amongst bosom friends; but upon his friend Bugenhagen insisting that the remarks in question were singularly suitable to the occasion of their meeting as *commemorative of the Translation of the Scriptures into the German language*, and upon Luther's emphatic appeal against Philip's hesitation, he consented. Bugenhagen, therefore, proceeded with his citations.—

“Luther is accused of heresy, not because

* When Melancthon's book against the Sorbonne divines was published, Luther was in his confinement at Wartenberg. He had condemned his writings formally, April 15th, 1521, calling them “poisonous errors;” and charged him with rashly opposing the opinions of the Universities and Holy Father of the Church, “as though, forsooth, God had given him knowledge of many truths necessary for salvation, which the church had been ignorant of during past ages, being left by Christ, her spouse, in the darkness of error!”

differs from *Scripture* but from the *Holy Fathers, Councils, and Universities*, whose opinions are received as the first principles of religion! But are Holy Fathers, and Councils, and Universities, to decree the articles of Christian faith? And how can this be the case, when they are liable to err,—Occam himself being judge, if you will not credit me? Is our faith to depend upon the opinions of men? So did not Paul determine, when he affirmed, that ‘other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ.’

“Luther, then, does not dissent from *Scripture*, but from *your* judgment, and from the sense which the *Fathers, Councils, and Schools* have adopted; and this, I see, is the great cause of the controversy, and the great sin he has committed! But what, after all, is decreed by the Councils, when some things are false, and some true; some conformable to *Scripture*, and some contrary to it; so that *Scripture* must be the *final appeal*, and if any passages be obscure, they are to be compared with others; and thus *Scripture* will explain itself. ‘If an angel from heaven,’ says the apostle, ‘preach any other gospel than what I preach, let him be accursed.’

“Surely, then, Luther may oppose the obvious sentiment of *Scripture*, to Councils, Fathers, and

Universities! What can these Sophists reply? What sort of logic, and what kind of glosses can they use, to avoid the inference from these statements! Either deny that there is any certain sense in Scripture, or acknowledge that Luther is justifiable in placing its dictates in opposition to human opinion.

“It is written, if an offender refuse to hear the church, let him be as a heathen man and a publican. I pray, now, what do you call *the church*? No doubt, the *French*, or *Sorbonne church*! But how can that be the church of Christ which has not the word of Christ, who testifies that his sheep hear his voice? We denominate *that* his true church, which is built upon *the word of God*, and which is nourished, fed, and governed by it; in a word, which derives every thing from, and judges of every thing by, the *Gospel of Christ*; for ‘he that is of God, heareth the words of God.’”

LUTHER.—Excellent! said, Philip! that is what I call sound divinity and irrefragable argument! What signify Councils, Fathers, and Schools; their contradictions and absurdities are endless. I was, as you know, once besotted enough to take the *ipse dixit* of any one of them as a Christian law, and thought nothing of an apostle in the comparison! Your inquiry, *What do you call the*

church? is one of vital importance; the decision of which involves the very foundations of faith. The question essentially is, *are we to depend on human or divine authority?* Councils are always wonderfully suspicious things; but, with regard to Fathers individually, though liable to be warped in their opinions by circumstances and association, yet I would respect them to a certain extent. They may be sometimes judicious, as commentators or expounders of Scripture; but when they pretend, or others for them, to substitute their dogmas, or impose their authority, in place of divine inspiration itself, I abominate their impiety, and ten thousand devils should never force me to obey. But my reverence is somewhat proportioned to the antiquity of the men. If I have the clear sentiments of such men as Ignatius and Polycarp, or others I could name, I begin to pause, and examine my own views; since they drank of the pure stream as it issued from its very fountain, and before it became polluted by governments, and poisoned by popes.

JONAS.—It is plain enough, from the most cursory examination of ecclesiastical history, that there were many corruptions creeping into the church of Christ before the rise of popery.—

LUTHER (*interrupting*).—Yes, indeed; but you

should rather say they *galloped* into the church, like an army furiously invading a territory, and spreading ruin and desolation over a fair and fertile province.

JONAS.—Well, Martin, I retract the word, and adopt your own. Certainly, the corruptions of Christianity were most rapid in their advance, as well as very early in their introduction, and most awful in their character. It is, I fancy, more easy to trace their origin, than to ascertain their extent, or to follow in the steps of their swift diffusion. Did they not, in fact, all spring from one common and obvious cause, *the neglect of the sacred Volume?* Mankind could not be satisfied either with the authority or revelation of heaven, but would elevate themselves to a participation of the throne, and insist upon that dominion over faith, which even apostles disclaimed.

BUGENHAGEN.—You are unquestionably right, Justus; and this has occasioned the conflicts which have been carried on between the church and the world, in all ages: an unequal conflict as to *means*, for the true church has ever been poor, and feeble, and despised; yet has she triumphed in the might and by the aid of her glorious head, the Captain of Salvation, over the armed and confederated powers

of earth and hell. I look upon the preservation of the church, during so many ages of oppression and corruption, as nothing less than a moral miracle. God was "for her," and therefore "none could be against her." And what have been the aim and tendency of all our efforts in these wretched times, but the restoration of primitive Christianity; the rescue of the tender bride of Christ from the fangs of the great enemy?

LUTHER (*with a sarcastic smile*).—Why, what are you talking of, man? Don't you know that *the church* is the *POPISH church*? And yet you speak of *the church* contending with *the world*! Was it ever heard that these two powers were hostile? Don't you know that *the Popish church* is the *true Apostolic church*; and that, only for the *advisable purpose* of advancing its interests, she has borrowed her weapons from her sworn friend, the world, to exterminate such heretics, fools, and madmen, as *Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, John Bugenhagen, Caspar Cruciger, George Major*, and their fraternity? —Talk of the church as poor, and feeble, and despised! I grant you this would apply to Christ himself and his first church; but do you suppose the good things of the world were always to be disregarded, and that if mankind would not appreciate

the real merits of the church, her leaders, or advocates, or patrons, were not to force their incredulity, and compel their homage, by a little salutary discipline?—Talk of her being poor and feeble! Why, friend, think of Constantine exalting Christianity to a throne, and of still wiser men, in better ages, emblazoning her with the shining tiara!

MELANCTHON.—But as we have been conversing, and I think not inappropriately or unprofitably, of the word of God, is it not time to resume our usual practice on these solemn occasions? Is it not time to have the blessed Book before us, and to thank God for the aid he has afforded, in enabling his servants to finish the arduous work of translating the Scriptures into our vernacular language? Pomeranus has, I see, got the precious folios in readiness.

Let the reader picture to himself the following scene. The venerable host takes the volumes of that translation which had occupied so many anxious years, and spreads them out on the table on which they had made their temperate and holy festival. There was a reverence in his manner, which indicated his profound veneration for the contents of those inestimable Scriptures, and a smiling expression of countenance, which shewed the inward workings of

indescribable joy, gratitude, and humility, while each individual of the illustrious circle caught the hallowed infection of delight; gazing, as they stood, in silence, upon the labour of their hands, yet not as *theirs*, so much as *the work of Providence*—(oh, it was a scene for angels to look upon!) till, with one consent, they bowed the knee in adoration of the great Author of those holy Writings! Never, perhaps, were more sacred feelings excited, and never were they expressed in finer modes of language, than in the solemn, concentrated, and deeply impassioned address to heaven which Luther uttered on this occasion, in the names and on the behalf of the rest. At all times remarkable in prayer, it seemed scarcely determinable, as it is recorded of Paul, whether he were in the body or out of the body. He poured forth a torrent of devout eloquence, displaying in mingled grandeur, as it rolled along, the impetuous ardour of his nature, the comprehensive grasp of his mind, the striking reality of his faith, the depth of his humility in the presence of God, and the soaring elevation of his piety.

Words are not the means by which an adequate idea of such a scene can be conveyed; it is to be comprehended only by a sympathy of feeling with the great objects and principles that awakened the

mental energies, stimulated the incessant exertions; and united into one mass the kindred hearts of these illustrious men!

“That is the Book,” said he, pointing to the volumes, as he rose from his knees, under the influence of overwhelming emotion; “that is the Book of books, against whose doctrines the gates of hell shall never prevail. The devil may roar, and the pope may rage, and the kings of earth may set themselves against it; but it is all in vain! It will overturn the tyrannies and superstitions of the world. Its holy light will scatter the darkness of mens’ minds; and future times will see, when we are no more, that we have lived to some purpose in giving it to our countrymen in their own language. God be praised for power and perseverance to accomplish such a work! and I can exclaim, with good old Simeon, while holding these blessed Books (taking the ponderous volumes into his arms), which reveal that Saviour whom he folded to his bosom, ‘Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!’”

It will be naturally imagined, that the conversation now turned upon the circumstances attending the translation which these Reformers had executed with so much skill and fidelity, and upon the effects

which it had already produced, or was likely to produce, upon Germany and the world.

CRUCIGER.—If ever I envied any man, it was *Yonker George*,* while engaged in the translation of the Scriptures, during his banishment to the Castle of Wartenberg. Not only was the seizure well contrived by the Elector, but the opportunity of prosecuting so great a work most important.

BUGENHAGEN.—I assure you, brother Martin, when you paid us your stolen visit, in 1522, I was almost as apprehensive about it as the Elector, whose displeasure you were so bold as to risk.

JONAS.—Our friend, I believe, seldom regards men, if principles are concerned; and certainly, timidity is what we shall never expect from him on any occasion. Friend supporting, or foe opposing, Martin Luther will, I am confident, always persevere.

LUTHER.—Well said, Jonas. Perseverance, when the object is good, is my motto; and whether Frederic's kind displeasure (which I should have been distressed to incur), or Leo's exterminating fury (for which I cared no more than for the whistling

* The name which was assumed by Luther, while concealed from his enemies in a forest of Thuringia. The castle he occupied was situated on a lofty hill, near Eisenach.

wind), were the consequence, to Wittemberg I resolved to come on the subject of our Translation. And here I, again and again, thank you for your co-operation. The Latin and the Hebrew, you know, I was well prepared to manage, and had been especially preparing for the work during the previous summer. Philip, accept my grateful praise for the twentieth time, for your essential aid in the Greek. Your skill in the Chaldee, Caspar, was of eminent service, and never to be forgotten on this day of commemoration. Jonas, Pomeranus, Au-rogallus, and you, my worthy Rorarius, our valued corrector of the press, each and all of you have my glowing acknowledgments and fervent prayers! If any thing could bind me to life, it would be the wish to see the further influence of the Scriptures on our beloved countrymen. The howlings of hell, on account of this achievement, is glorious music to my ears: their clamour will but agitate a little air, and die away; while the Word of God, in this German version of it, will work its silent, but effective way,—and go on to enlighten the minds of men, and convert their hearts, when these raging foes are stilled and powerless in the grave.

AUROGALLUS.—Happy, thrice happy, and ever memorable, were those days when we met to con-

salt over our separate labours, and perfect the Translation! What solitudes were then felt!—What prayers were then offered!

LUTHER.—Yes, my dear Matthew; and, but for your modesty, you might have awakened our recollections of your own valuable services on those occasions.

AUROGALLUS.—If I had any skill, I can join every one here in acknowledging it was given me, as it was bestowed on others, “from above;” and I can truly say, amidst these cheering retrospections, my work was my joy—“*labor ipse voluptas.*”

LUTHER.—But, my dear Matthew, you and all of us are surely forgetting, that we are congratulating each other and the world upon the accomplishment of an undertaking which, as our enemies affirm, is only worthy of being despised, and the motives of which deserve the severest reprehension!—Call that a version of the Scriptures, indeed!

AUROGALLUS.—Emser and Cochläus being judges!

LUTHER.—Yea, verily! And, pray don't you think Emser a very excellent judge? Has he not published, as *his own*, my identical version, almost *verbatim*, and called it—that is, *mine*, which he palms upon the world as *his*—“a correct translation?”

BUGENHAGEN.—There is one part of the book most assuredly, all his own — namely, the *preface* and I think he has shewn even more judgment than spite in adding nothing more of his own.

LUTHER.—As to the cavilling criticisms of Ems and Cochlæus, there is a just Judge who will see this; and, as I have expressed it on another occasion, I repeat it here, the best revenge which I wish for is, that though Luther's *name* is suppressed, and that of his adversary put in its place yet Luther's *book* is read, and thus the design of his labours is promoted by his very enemies. In fact, then, for I bethink myself, we ought to celebrate some of our best friends on this occasion, who have hitherto been overlooked as such. Let us commemorate the services of Emser and Cochlæus, who, by their criticisms or plagiarism, have circulated our volume; and our friends, too, of nobler name than Duke George and the Archduke Ferdinand, especially, who, by being so good as to *proscribe*, have really *promoted* our Translation! What say you, Philip?—you are become very silent, and I am afraid a little of your hypochondriasis is upon you. Depend upon it, our Book and your noble army of Protectors * are a match for our foes.

* The reference, here, is to a striking circumstance, which

MELANCTHON.—In truth, I was thoughtful; but it was the thoughtfulness of inward joy, as I was musing on the past, and its obvious connexion with the future.

may be allowed to quote from my Life of Melancthon. "Soon after (the conferences at Augsburg, in 1530), Melancthon, with Luther and other divines, met together, for the purpose of consulting about the proper measures to be adopted in the present exigency; and, after having spent some time in prayer to God, from whom alone they could expect adequate assistance, Melancthon was suddenly called out of the room, from which he retired under great depression of spirits. He saw, during his absence, some of the elders of the reformed churches, with their parishioners and families. Several children were also brought, hanging at the breast; while others, a little older, were engaged in prayer. This reminded him of the prophetic language, 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.' Animated by this interesting scene, he returned to his friends with a disencumbered mind and a cheerful countenance. Luther, astonished at this sudden change, said, 'What now, what has happened to you, Philip, that you are become so cheerful?' 'O, sirs,' replied Melancthon, 'let us not be discouraged, for I have seen our noble protectors, and such as I will venture to say, will prove invincible against every foe!'—'And pray,' returned Luther, thrilling with surprise and pleasure, 'who and where are these powerful heroes?'—'Oh,' said Melancthon, '*they are the wives of our parishioners, and their little children, whose prayers I have just witnessed,—prayers which, I am satisfied, our God will hear*; for, as our heavenly Father, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, has never despised nor rejected our supplications, we have reason to trust that he will not in the present alarming crisis.'

LUTHER.—Come then, let us have your thoughts; this is a day of free and happy intercourse.

MELANCTHON.—The design of this festivity led me to retrace events, as they seem to have combined to prepare for our great achievement. I love to consider the course and concatenation of things, and to impress my mind daily with a deeper sense of the providence of God. I could mention many past occurrences, which I am sure you all concur in thinking, had a bearing upon present times. There were in particular two, *the revival of learning*, and *the invention of the art of printing*. By the former, we have been prepared and enabled to undertake our Translation, and bring it to a successful end; and by the latter, every facility is afforded for its wide distribution. We may say that Providence sowed the seed, by sending Chrysoloras and the Greeks into Italy, and by imparting the inventive faculty to Guttemberg, who, there is scarcely any doubt, discovered the art of printing, and certainly brought it into operation. We are reaping the harvest of their labours; and by those very labours, like the sowers that carry the seed which others have prepared, are pushing our operations farther, and cultivating other fields. Through them we have been furnished with the choice materials, the litera-

ture of Greece and Rome ; and have reason to bless God for the beneficial influence exerted by the Medicean family at Pisa and Florence, who, by inspiring the love of learning, and opening to us its fountains, have furnished the opportunity of turning our attainments to a holy account, in the reform of religion, and the translation of the Scriptures. Religion and letters have, in fact, mutually aided each other. Had we been ignorant monks, I say it with gratitude and not with pride, Leo might, indeed, have been resisted, and religion, in some degree, promoted ; but other men only, and another age, when the servants of Christ should have learned to appreciate human science, would have been requisite to produce *the German Translation of the Scriptures*.

LUTHER.—By the by, Philip, you remind me that I forgot to celebrate Leo X. in the list of our *inimical friends* !

MELANCTHON smiled, and proceeded.—The miserable versions of 1477 and 1483 must still, and long have served as the only means of circulating the Gospel, which, in fact, carried in themselves the counteracting influence. We ought then to admire and promote learning, and use it as the handmaid of religion. I know all our friends are not wholly

prepared to go the length of these sentiments with me; but I cannot dismiss them from my mind, or fail to deduce from them motives for adoring the conduct of an allwise and overruling Providence. I see, too, the same Power at work in the movements of the Reformation itself. I see it in the overacted part of Tetzels—the exasperation of Leo—the restraint imposed on Charles V., by his obligations to our noble Frederic, though he summoned Martin to the diet of Worms—by the friendly seizure in the forest of Thuringia, hastening the Translation—by the very death of Frederic at the crisis, and the life of the elector John—by all the proceedings of the diets, and especially that of Augsburg—and by other great and beneficial events.

LUTHER.—I have often thought, that what our adversary Eckius is reported to have said, on the latter occasion, to the Duke of Bavaria, who asked whether this doctrine could be refuted by the Scriptures, ought to be written in letters of gold,—“No, *by the Holy Scripture we cannot overthrow it, but we may by the Fathers.*”

CRUCIGER.—I think that the exclamation of the Archbishop of Mentz ought to be subjoined,—“Behold, how finely our divines support us! The

Protestants *prove what they say out of the Holy Scriptures*; but we have our doctrine *without Scripture!*"

[Thus was "the fellowship of kindred minds" maintained till the day wore away. Wit, and well-tempered hilarity and mutual friendship, seasoned the annual festivity, over which Religion presided. It was a day much to be remembered; and that in truth conduced, by the manner in which it was spent, by the recollections it awakened, the renewed confidence it inspired, and the sentiments it often elicited, to prepare these illustrious men for the conflicts they had to sustain, and support their minds amidst those perplexities which continually beset their path. These anniversaries were the sunshiny resting-places, which they found in their sorrowful pilgrimage,—such as this cloudy region does not often, in any age, afford. On the particular day, which we have now recorded, after their united devotions had closed as well as begun their commemoration, Luther and Melancthon parted with their friends, each in his own characteristic manner].

LUTHER.—Now, friends, we must retire to rest, that we may be ready for the field again to-morrow. Recollect, we have not terminated the war yet—

this *bellum internecinum*. The world and the devil, our great confederate adversaries, rage still; but, by God's help, we will conquer,—feeble and few as we are. It is, indeed, an unequal war in the eye of man; but man knows not how to judge of it. Unequal, indeed, it is; but the strength, after all, is not, as the common observer would suppose, on their side, but on ours. They have numbers; but we have truth. They have the sword of power, but we have the word of God. They have councils, popes, and devils for them; but we have Omnipotence for us, and “if God be for us, who then can be against us?” Our cause is even now triumphant. Francis of France can hardly resist, and Henry of England is absolutely gained. The leaven infused into the world, notwithstanding the depth and mass of its corruptions, will, depend upon it, leaven the whole lump. So, farewell to-night: we shall see how gloriously we shall stand, by another anniversary of our Festival.

MELANCTHON.—I am even thinking of a better festival still. Whether we shall live to meet each other again on a similar occasion in this world, God only knows: but this I feel assured of, we shall meet in heaven, at the “supper of the Lamb.” Whatever the length of our lives, the duration of

the world is, I am satisfied, not long; and our final and eternal meeting therefore cannot, in any case, be distant. Six thousand years are hastening to their close.* Often, amidst the strifes of this wretched land, I feel constrained to desire that tranquil region; for no clouds will gather over those skies, no storms sweep over that fair and blooming paradise. "O that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away, and be at rest!" And methinks, that even the bliss of the celestial country will be capable of augmentation, by the intercourse of holy minds. Is not our friendship, beloved associates, immortal? Shall death annihilate it, or be suffered to separate us for ever? Can a friendship, founded like ours in the love of God, and strengthened by mutual labour in His cause, and perpetuated in souls delivered from all their earthly stains and adhesions, be unfit for the purities of heaven? No, no; that Bible we have translated, gives distinct intimations, if not positive assurances, to the contrary. And then, what an accession shall we have, at that heavenly feast, of pious men, and illustrious servants of

* This was a prevalent opinion among the Reformers, respecting the duration of the world; and is particularly notified in the hand-writing of Melancthon, in Luther's own copy of the German version, which is preserved in the British Museum.

Christ! There are Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom,—yes, already there; for “God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him.” There is the goodly company of the prophets, apostles, and martyrs of our faith;—and there, too, is “Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and God, the Judge of all!” We have eminently “sown in tears;” but we shall “reap in joy!”

SONNET TO THE STARS.

BY ROBERT MILLHOUSE, ESQ.

YE Stars of midnight! orbs of unknown mould!
Centres of systems! mansions of the blest!
That gild our darkness with your rays of gold,—
And shine unmoved in your eternal rest:
Or are ye worlds where woe and want abound—
Where vice and folly stalk in wild career?
Where war spreads carnage o’er the fruitful ground,
And blights the harvest of the bounteous year?
Oh, mysteries of heaven! your glittering beams
Deride Philosophy;—man strives in vain,
Through the most happy of his waking dreams,
To unlock the secrets of your vast domain;
To Him alone your mysteries stand confest,
Who spread you forth with His supreme behest.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS BAILEY, M.A.

VI

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

I.

Death of glory circles still his head
Yet he kneels—-and yet he seems to bleed
With more than mortal agony
Pale brow the drops are hot and free
Man's blood at votive altar shed
Hands are clasped, his eyes are closed in prayer
And is there strife Heaven near
He calmed the tempest and the stormy sea

II.

He is! there is! the man who died
Struggling for man's life
On Gethsemane's dark hill
He bled and sweated till



ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

VI.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

I.

A wreath of glory circles still his head—
And yet he kneels—and yet he seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony :
On his pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, his eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas! and is there strife He cannot bear
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the dead?

II.

There is! there is! for now the Powers of Hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'t is the hour
When Death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dread weight of sin, since Adam fell,

Is visited on Him, who deigned to dwell—
A Man with men,—that he might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and burst the captive's yoke—
But O! of that dread strife what words can tell?

III.

Those—only those—which broke with many a groan
From his full heart—"O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to day—
Yet, Father, not my will, but thine, be done!"—
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure, and strong to save;
Nor would Jehovah leave him in the grave,
Nor could Corruption taint his Holy One.

DEATH.

A Fragment.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN, ESQ.

ON! softly, sweetly, gently as the veil
Of moonlight brightens whilst it shades the scene,
Death touched his frame! And there his features lay,
Mildly reposing in the open air,
Unvexed, unwrinkled,—like a steady lake,
When winds and storms have rocked themselves to rest!

LINES WRITTEN AT ROME,

AFTER VISITING THE COLOSSEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

I.

THE heart has its own chords—its harmonies,
All springing from the soul—and lo! they come
E'en in the midst of thee, imperial Rome!
With all those dear and hallowing sympathies
That speak not of the present, but the past—
The past, in all its glory—that which rose
In never-setting brightness—that which throws
The spell around thy storied arches cast.

II.

Is not her charm on every mouldering stone,
Proud Chronicle of Ages! standing here,
As if the gods had cast thee from their sphere,
And placed thee in thy majesty—alone!
Thou look'st like Time's proud temple—not his prey;
His resting-place, his mighty monument!—
That yet would be, though crumbling worlds were rent,
And all things in their greatness passed away.

III.

Yet the pale moon, amidst its softened grace,
Hangs o'er thee as enamoured—shedding bright,
Through each perspective arch, rich rays of light,
That deepen thy dark shadows—and her trace
Of beauty, trembles in its chastened beams,
O'er sculpture's richest outline—picturing there,
All that in fair proportion looks most fair,
Whilst Glory throws around her golden gleams.

IV.

How bright the stars hang clustering o'er thy brow,
Which seems to rise to meet them, as they come,
In nightly pilgrimage, from their high home,
To greet thee in thy fading splendour now !
The wild breeze whispers o'er thee, pouring round
Its sighs into thy bosom's winding cell,
(There, where fine forms of memory love to dwell),
As if it broke upon some sacred ground.

V.

Does she not here her hallowed vigil keep ?
The mourning matron,—the imperial queen !
The mighty guardian of the pensive scene !
Thy genius, fallen Rome, o'er whom a World might weep.
I see her in her awful majesty,—
Around her, all her gathered splendours thrown,
As when she in her day of brightness shone,
And grasped in her firm hand that World's proud destiny.

VI.

I see her with her beauty-beaming brow;
 Her demi-gods around her,—heroes—men
 Such as shall ne'er descend to earth again :
 Immortal spirits!—haply bending now
 O'er the grey outline of some mouldering fane,
 That was to stand in proud recording grace,
 To chronicle with sculpture's noblest trace,
 High deeds which made the trophied column vain.

VII.

I see her cast her retrospective eye,
 To days that were—but are not; such as past
 When her full tide of greatness Glory cast
 Around a conquered World, midst shouts of victory.
 Pause not at Glory's path, for it was won
 By infant Rome, when yet with scarce a name
 She there first sealed her own immortal claim,
 And gave the high bequest to every future son.

VIII.

See conquered nations wear the Imperial chain—
 The desert queen, in Amazonian power,
 Subdued to grace the proud triumphant hour,
 And o'er her lost Palmyra weep in vain.
 Where now her temple, in gigantic grace,
 That rose in all its sculptured majesty?
 Ah! let the desert's lonely voice reply,
 Or Rome's rich trophies tell, where once their resting-
 place.

IX.

And where is He, foredoomed to hold the rod—
The avenging scourge—o'er thy devoted head,
Sad, lost Jerusalem! and o'er thee shed,
The phialled wrath of a rejected God?—
The fearful symbols of Almighty ire
Are seen, appalling all, save thee alone,
And thy obdurate sons, thou guilty one!
Thy Temple rent in twain,—her hallowed walls on fire.

X.

Jerusalem the mighty! where art thou?
Ask of the Roman—he shall tell thy tale:
Did he not hear the sad prophetic wail,
E'en whilst his legions hung around thy brow?
His ploughshare has passed o'er thee—on thy fields,
The unnatural salt a conqueror's hand has thrown;
And nought of all that city's pride is known
Save that where once it stood, its fruits the wild-fig yields.

XI.

Open your gates of triumph—see him come,
Your own great Victor, with his golden spoils;
Open your gates of rest, from glory's toils—
Unclose them to the conquering sons of Rome.
With sons like these, well might the Roman name
Win from a world her own high destiny;
Around them see her victor Eagles fly,
The sacred guerdon of her deathless fame.

XII.

Though sacred now, proud pile ! to happier days,
 Yet on thy bosom has the martyrs' blood,—
 The Christian martyrs', rolled a crimson flood
 By persecution poured, amidst her wondering gaze,—
 Wondering, that still defying mortal power,
 Though tortured e'en to madness,—unsubdued,
 Strong in the strength of Faith, the Christian stood,
 And with exulting smiles, his Cross of suffering bore.

XIII.

Not his the Roman creed by sophists taught,
 By cold philosophy, or stoic art,
 When every Roman played his sterner part,
 Nor knew life's soft'ning charm, with milder precepts fraught;
 Yet Pagan virtue from her Cato stole
 A more than Pagan strength—and almost wore
 The Christian graces, in that parting hour,
 Which half unveiled the triumph of the soul.

XIV.

The Christian faith ?—ah ! that had sheathed, not bared,
 The suicidal sword—and bade thee live—
 And with whate'er confiding hope could give,
 Had meekly taught thee what the Christian dared.
 Firm in his trust of immortality,
 Compared thine erring creed, and bade thee see,
 Though drained the cup of earthly misery,
 The Christian dared to live—not thus to die.

XV.

Yet bowed to fabled gods no more, the knee
Adoring bends around the sculptured stone,
Whose breathing marble almost might atone
For those dark doctrines of idolatry.
See, sacred emblem of a purer creed,
The hallowing Cross, where once the martyr's blood
Poured on thy deep-stained turf a crimsoned flood,
Whilst Pagan error sanctified the deed.

XVI.

Yet to thy days of brightness would I turn—
Their full meridian splendour; lingering here,
As if in glory's consecrated sphere,
Nor yet around its fading visions mourn.
Turn to imperial Rome—not Rome as now—
Amidst her crowning hills, in lovely pride,
Where flows the Tiber its diminished tide,
And veiled is dark Soracte's golden brow.

XVII.

Where now the stream of eloquence, that fell
Like the bright mountain-torrent, pouring round
Its Iris-beams, as from thy depths profound,
And o'er the mantle of the caverned cell,
Are thrown, enchanting Tivoli!—and shew,
With halo brightness, weeds that trembling root,
Like parasites around some golden fruit,
But scatter all their riper seeds below.

XVIII.

What pillar rises with recording fame,
 To mark the Rostrum's site?—what sculptured god
 Starts into life, to tell where once he stood,
 And bursts the marble spell, with Cicero's name?
 Ah! none: the mourning Genius of the place
 Alone can point the spot,—and bending there,
 Pour o'er the grass-grown way her hallowing tear,
 And give to fancy's eye its honoured trace.

XIX.

The dark weed round is twining,—and the snail,
 As if in strange fantastic mockery,
 Draws its long slippery line—nor heeds the sigh
 That seems to mingle with the midnight gale.
 Where the rich spoils, from prostrate nations torn,—
 Imperial trophies of a vanquished world?
 Where suppliant monarchs from dominions hurled?
 And where the conquering wreath by her own Cæsars
 worn?

XX.

Is it that cold, dark ivy, creeping round
 The trophied pillars and the walls of state?
 There, where the lingering graces seem to wait,
 As if they stood on some enchanted ground
 Destruction might not reach—as if a charm,
 The boon of Rome's own gods, were pitying thrown
 O'er the rich graces of the sculptured stone,
 With more than magic spell, to stay the uplifted arm.

III.

But most, upon thy martial arm
Take Faith's impervious targe,
To quench the fiery shafts of Harm
Amid the deadly charge.
Then forth on thy victorious way
Speed on, thy steps prepared on Love reveal'd to stay.

IV.

Saw'st thou the waters foaming high ?
'T is Passion's restless sea :
Heard'st thou the storm that swept the sky ?
'T is stern Adversity.
Heed not—tread on :—the billows, cleft,
Shall fence with crystal wall thy right hand and thy left.

V.

Saw'st thou the broad and arid plain ?
No sheltering leaf is there,
No fount, where scorch'd and fainting Pain
Beneath the sultry glare
May slake his lips. Nor fear, nor fly :
Heaven's stores shall ope for thee, when earth and wave
deny.

VI.

Greater and mightier far than thou,
The hosts that bar thy way :

Yet let not that high spirit bow :
A loftier Power than they
Conducts thy march ; before Him driven
Melts Anak's Titan horde, and rampire wall'd to heaven.

VII.

True, dark Ingratitude is there,
And Disappointment cold ;
And mean Suspicion, from his lair,
Unwinds his viper fold.
Yet fear not—He whose knight thou art,
With energy divine can nerve thy human heart.

VIII.

True, Earth, in treacherous charms arrayed,
With eye too wildly sweet,
Would seek to her unhallowed shade
To lure thy pilgrim feet.
Yet yield not.—She who woos thy vows,
With crown of bleeding thorn enwreathed thy Master's
brows.

IX.

Say not, thy yoke is hard to bear !
But look on Him who bore
For thee a weightier load of care,
And then repine no more.
His yoke is light : His ways are rest :
They that endure with Him, with Him too shall be blest.

X.

Fear not, and thou shalt overcome!
Yea, through His love who led;
With palm of more than conquest's bloom
Twine thine unhelmed head.
Mid white-rob'd hosts of fair renown
The morning star shall shine first jewel of thy crown.

XI.

Fear not! in victory thou shalt stand
Upon the glassy sea,
And chant, with heaven's own lyre in hand,
The pæan of the free:
"Sing to the Lord! the fight is done!
The fearful foe is whelm'd! the rest eternal won!"

VILLAGE BELLS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

I.

THERE'S a chiming sound on the morning air,
It comes from the white church—nestling there,
Nestling amidst the tall pine trees,—
Looking the shrine of holy peace.
Why do the sweet bells merrily ring?—
See ye not bright eyes glistening,
And a slender form in robes of white,
Blushing and smiling, 'twixt fear and delight :
'T is a wedding train that is passing in pride—
Chime, sweet bells ! for that beauteous bride.

II.

They are ringing again—and in their sound
Triumph and glory are scattered around ;
What mean the banners that float on the wind,—
What mean the wreaths that those bright helmets bind ?
Who are the troop who in warlike array
Sweep down the valley their homage to pay
At the altar of Him, who alone can break
The bands of the foe, and the conqueror make ?
Victory, victory ! — battles are done—
Ring out, sweet bells, for the triumph is won !

III.

Again they are ringing—in calmer peal—
Yet dearer and sweeter those notes we feel ;
'T is the sabbath morn, and the humble and proud
Together are thronging, in mingled crowd :—
Some from the valley, and some from the hill,—
Some from the side of the rippling rill ;
Some from the cottage, and some from the hall,
Yet all obeying one general call ;
Coming from many a differing abode,
Yet all approaching the house of God.

IV.

There's their sound again—but 't is not the same
As once on the summer morning came ;
'T is not the sound that swelled along,
When on every lip was a triumphing song.
Oh, strange ! in that low and solemn sound
We are told that another his rest hath found :
Oh, strange ! that man will rejoice o'er strife,
And hail with mirth each scene of life ;
Yet give but a doleful strain to say,
“ Our brother from evil is taken away ! ”

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE

BY THE REV. THOMAS BALL, M.A.

VII.

THE INCREDULITY OF SAMARITANS

There was a seal upon their eyes,
A guard around their hearts;
They spurned and never thought of him,
Bewailed their blindness;
They deemed the Jews blasphemous,
And closed their eyes to his light;
And thoughts of grace and glory
Were darkened, and they were
Silent they might have been

In that -- for peace --

Of the world --

Of the world --

Of the world --

Of the world --



ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

VII.

THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

I.

THERE was a seal upon the stone,
A guard around the tomb;
The spurned and trembling band alone
Bewailed their Master's doom—
They deemed the barriers of the grave
Had closed o'er Him who came to save,
And thoughts of grief and gloom
Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,
Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

II.

He died—for justice claimed her due,
Ere guilt could be forgiven;
But soon the gates asunder flew,
The iron bars were riven:

Broken the seal—the guards dispersed,
Upon their sight in glory burst
The risen Lord of Heaven!—
Yet one—the heaviest in despair,
In grief the wildest—was not there.

III.

Returning, on each altered brow
With mute surprise he gazed—
For each was lit with transport now,
Each eye to Heaven upraised.
Burst forth from all th' ecstatic word—
“Hail, brother! we have seen the Lord!”
Bewildered and amazed
He stood—then bitter words and brief
Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

IV.

Days past—and still the frequent groan
Convulsed his labouring breast—
When round him light celestial shone,
And Jesus stood confessed.
“Reach, doubter! reach thy hand,” he said—
“Explore the wound the spear hath made,
The print by nails impressed—
No longer for the living grieve,
And be not faithless—but believe!”

V.

O if the iris of the skies
Transcends the Painter's art,
How could he trace to human eyes
The rainbow of the heart ;
When Joy, Love, Fear, Repentance, Shame,
Hope, Faith, in swift succession came—
Each claiming there a part—
Each mingling in the tears that flowed—
The words that breathed—" My Lord ! My God !"

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN THE BURIAL-GROUND OF BOLTON ABBEY,
IN WHARFDALE.

WHY what a refuge for the storm-struck heart
Is this lone haven of untroubled rest !
How sweet it were to 'scape life's bitter smart,—
Its cankering care, its wild insatiate quest,—
And here lie down beneath this emerald wave !—
Half do I deem that as I slumbered here,
Yon river's murmur still might soothe mine ear ;
These evening glories reach me in my grave !—
O, oft in after-times when loudest rave
The storms of life, and through the weltering world
The struggling vessel of my fate is hurled,—
When none are nigh to succour or to save,—
How shall I turn to this calm port to steer,
To furl my shattered sail, and drop my anchor here !

THE LAKE OF IZRAM,

A lovely lake in the island of Zealand, surrounded by majestic woods.

BY THE REV. T. S. RAFFLES, D.D.

I.

SWEET Izram lake, adieu !
I fain would linger near
Thy wooded banks, and waters blue,
And skies serene and clear.
Thy lovely bosom, bright
With glittering sunbeams now,
And lovely, when the moon's pale light
Falls on thy breast of snow !

II.

Sweet Izram lake, adieu !
I *must* not linger near
Thy wooded banks and waters blue,
And skies serene and clear.
Yet, mid life's troubled sea,
That clouds and storms molest,
Thy cherished image long shall be
An EDEN in my breast !

THE FOOTSTEPS' FALL.

BY W. JERDAN, ESQ.

THE recognition of individuals, as they approach us, by the sound of their footsteps, as readily as by the sound of their voices, and the very different measure in which the elastic bounds of joy and pleasure, and the heavy tread of grief and wretchedness, fall upon the ear, are almost too familiar even for the subject of so familiar a little composition as the following. The novelty of the application (if it has even that slight merit) is all it has to recommend it.

I.

THE Footsteps' Fall! Time presses on,
With you, with me, with all;
And sad it is to mark the change
Ev'n in the Footsteps' Fall.

II.

I recollect those childish days,
When innocent, and small
Like fairy prints, upon the grass
Were seen our Footsteps' Fall.

III.

I recollect that riper age,
When, blest in love's sweet thrall,
Swiftly, to meet, o'er night's lone path,
Echoed the Footsteps' Fall.

IV.

I've known the dream, that flies ere proved,
Eager at pleasure's ball,
Where merry, merry rang the laugh,
Merry the Footsteps fall.

V.

I've known the busy, business world,
The world of care and gall—
Where, drudging weary years of toil,
Heavy the Footsteps fall.

VI.

And now the tottering frame of eld
Slowly obeys the call ;
Life wanes apace, though hastening down,
And feebly Footsteps fall.

VII.

The end is near,—the last dark step,—
The coffin and the pall ;
Silence,—and never more on earth
Shall sound our Footsteps' Fall.

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

A Tale, founded on Fact.

BY MRS. OPIE.

HIGH beat the heart of Lysander Von Wieber, when, after an absence of many years, he saw from an adjacent hill, the spires of his native city.

Travelling in foreign lands had only rendered Germany more dear, and he was returning to the bosom of his family with eager expectation. He had the satisfaction of finding his mother, brother, and sisters, as well as when he left them, and of seeing some fine children added to the family group. But he was not slow to discern that it had received another addition, in a new friend, named Alexis Delmont, who seemed a person of much consequence in the eyes of *some* of them—as, “I wonder what Alexis would say to this!” and “I wonder whether he would agree with Lysander!” was a frequent observation during the evening; and when the traveller playfully asked who this Alexis was, he was told, with a meaning smile, “Oh, he is a very

choice person—and *he*, too, has travelled; and he is highly gifted, and very agreeable!”

“But when shall I see him?” asked Lysander; “I long to judge of his perfections with my own eyes and understanding.”

Perhaps he spoke rather pettishly, feeling almost inclined to be *jealous* of this stranger, who seemed, even on the night of his return, to be uppermost in the minds of all his relations, except his mother. She, indeed, appeared to have no thought but of her son—gazing on his fine face, and hanging on his expressive accents, with all a parent’s love; and when bed-time came, as if still loth to part with him, she followed him into his room, to bid him farewell.

“No, no, thou must not leave me yet,” said Lysander, seating her as he spoke; “thou must tell me something more of this Alexis, who appears to have turned all the heads in the family, except thine.”

“I know nothing more,” she replied, “than that he is a young orphan Swiss, whom thy brother Ernest met some months ago, at a port in England, when he went thither on business, and was waiting at an inn for a fair wind.”

“How like Ernest!—Well—and so I suppose he took one of his sudden fancies to him.”

"Yes, one of his violent friendships; but I ought to say, that he believes Alexis saved his life, by nursing him day and night, in a short, but violent fever."

"Poor Ernest! there was no withstanding that, I own; but one would think he had saved the lives of my sister Bertha, and my sister-in-law, also, by the manner in which they speak of him. Minna, indeed, seems a little more sober-minded on the subject. But what is he going to do here?"

"He wants to settle in this city, and enter into partnership with Ernest, whose increasing family requires, he says, an increasing income; and this young man has convinced him, that he has money enough to extend the business considerably."

"But can he prove this?"

"So Ernest says."

"Then why is the partnership delayed?"

"Because I wished him to consult thee first; and besides, I do not think it wise to trust any stranger in so short an acquaintance."

"Nor do I. But what does Minna think?"

"As we do."

"I am glad to hear that. I was afraid this agreeable man might have charmed away her attachment to her husband's memory."

"On the contrary, she does not greatly admire him; but judges him with her usual rational caution."

"Can he give us any reference?"

"Ernest says that he can; but that it is unnecessary, as he was introduced by him to a distant relation of his, a gentleman of large fortune, and stayed with him at his house; and it was from this gentleman's neighbourhood that they sailed."

"That looks well;—but, dear mother, what ails Ernest?"

"Nothing, that I know of—he is in high spirits."

"Excuse me: he is merry, I own; but mirth and happiness are distinct things; they are as unlike as vivid lightning and calm sunshine. Mirth, indeed, resembles the former, and happiness the other; and we all know, that the darker the cloud, the brighter the flash. He is anxious, mother; and instead of increasing his income because his family increases, would it not be better to decrease his expenditure?"

"So I say; but he thinks me, I fear, an over-cautious, croaking old woman. He would hear advice better from thee."

"I doubt it. He would only think me a spiritless, miserly young man. Has he any projects in view?"

"Yes. Though not actually in partnership in his own business yet with Alexis Delmont, I suspect he

has some concern in a speculation of his. Alexis is a very scientific chemist, and fancies he has discovered the way to make a very rare and precious metal. He has hired rooms, at which he works every day; and Ernest is, I know, very anxious for his success."

"Perhaps," said Lysander, eagerly, "he has risked money in this mad venture, with nobody knows whom."

"I fear so."

"Ah, then, I now see why I find Ernest changed. This strong tendency to speculation has at length found some one to flatter it, and I doubt we shall rue the day when he first met Alexis Delmont. But we shall see:—good night, dear mother. Let us, meanwhile, believe my return was providential; and that, if Ernest be in danger, I am come time enough to be the agent of his preservation."

But when Lysander was left alone, his hopes of having arrived in time, were not so sanguine; and the only thing which he could dwell on with pleasure, was, the assurance that his widowed sister was too wise to become a stranger's wife; and that his younger sister was not old enough, at present.

The next morning, when he rose, after a restless night—not such a night of repose as he had hoped

to pass, on returning to his paternal roof—he took an opportunity of talking to Ernest, respecting his new friend, and his views concerning him.

“I find you,” said he, “just as speculative as ever, brother; always fancying the uncertain future is to make amends for the deficiency of the present. I see you have two partnerships in view for your friend, and one is for life.”

“Well, and what then, if the partner be worthy?”

“True;—but I advise you to try one first, and think of the other at leisure.”

“I see that my mother has told you all she knew, or even suspected,” replied Ernest; “she does not admire Alexis much. But I wish she had let you judge of him without prepossession; and if you had been allowed to do so, I am sure you would have liked him.”

“And I shall like him, I dare say, for you do our candid mother injustice; she has prejudiced me for, not against your friend, and I am impatient to see him. I hope he will soon return from his tour. But I fear, dear Ernest, you have not yet learned to bear contradiction—so we will call another subject.”

It was nearly impossible for two brothers to be more unlike in character, than Lysander and Ernest Von Wieber. The former, on having a large for-

tune left him by an uncle, had resigned his share in his deceased father's business to his younger brother; and, having distinguished himself already in his own country by his acquirements in learning, and some literary successes, he had gone on his travels to improve himself still further, by association with the celebrated and good in other countries. Happily, he carried with him the best of all wisdom—a knowledge of his own “short-comings,” his own infirmities; and a deep-felt reliance on that Being, who can alone make us “wise unto salvation.” And in him, the acquirement of fresh knowledge only served to deepen and strengthen his religious dependence. The absence of such an example, and such a brother, was daily felt and regretted by his mother and sisters. Still, Lysander would have been tempted to prolong his stay abroad, had not a remark in one of his sister Minna's letters led him to suspect that his brother's affairs were not in a prosperous condition, and that his presence might be serviceable at home. Accordingly, he arrived, and found that the character of Ernest had anew developed itself in this *engouement*, as the French call it, for a stranger; and that his natural bias to scheming and speculation had rather increased than diminished. With Ernest, all good never *was*, but was *to be*.

When he had only half of his father's trade, he said, "How much more I should be able to make of it than is now made, if I were the sole director."

The whole became his;—but then he was ambitious of adding another business to it. Then he could not be happy without a wife, and he married. But for three years they had no children, and how could a married man be happy without a child? At length, a little girl was born to them; but then, how unfortunate that it was not a boy! Two more girls followed, and Ernest murmured still more;—but a boy came at last, and then Ernest thought he should be completely happy! But his business did not increase in proportion to his family, and he eagerly caught at hope of immense gain held out to him by a speculating stranger, and dangerous speculations.

Such was the state of things when Lysander returned, observing with alarm and wonder the complete self-devotion to Alexis Delmont, which appeared in all his brother said and did. He was, indeed, impatient to see him; but it was not till the evening of the day after Lysander's arrival, that the stranger returned. The brothers and sisters met him as they were taking a moonlight walk. Eagerly did Ernest, his wife, and his younger sister, run for-

ward to greet him ; assuring him that no words could express how much they had missed him !

“ I am glad to see you again,” said Minna ; “ but there is no living object whom *I* could have missed when my dear brother was returned to us, after years of absence.”

Lysander, on whom she leaned, pressed her arm to his side with grateful affection, and was agreeably impressed by Alexis Delmont’s reply. While Ernest introduced him, he told her, “ That she would have been rather lowered in his estimation if, at the time of reunion to such a brother, she had missed the acquaintance of yesterday.”

“ How ungrateful to us, and how severe !” exclaimed Ernest. “ Then we are lowered in your esteem, I suppose, because we have had the bad taste to miss you, though the *great man* of our family is returned !”

Alexis felt at a loss to parry this attack ; and Lysander liked him the better for not being able to do it with more readiness ; and, as he saw him in the light of the moon, he thought his face and person seemed peculiarly handsome, and long before they re-entered the house, Lysander had been led to hope that, on further inquiry, prudence might allow him to give his sanction to Ernest’s entering

into partnership with his prepossessing friend. Indeed, his mind was so full of this subject, that he resolved to name it immediately—to Alexis himself state his objections—prepare a means of removing them—and offer every assistance in his power to expedite matters, as soon as proper references should be given and answered. With this view, Lysander, who was sitting opposite the stranger, was going to call his attention to himself just as candles were brought in, when he turned his face round, and the words were arrested on his tongue; for he was *sure* that he had seen him before, and that the association with his features and countenance was of a most painful nature; yet where and when he had seen them, he could not recollect.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, his countenance, no doubt, expressed them, and he fancied that the stranger's eye sunk beneath his earnest gaze, and that he changed colour. But no wonder; Lysander felt that any one would have been confused at being thus examined; and he would have *apologised* for his rudeness, by owning that he was so struck with Delmont's resemblance to some one whom he had formerly known that he could not help gazing on him—but he *dared* not so apologise, because he had a positive

conviction that if he ever *had* seen this man before, it was under circumstances of degradation and guilt; and he believed, also, that *if* they had met before, the stranger must recollect *him*. However, he forced himself to eat his supper, and *endeavoured* not to look at Alexis Delmont; but he could not avoid it; and look he did, whenever the stranger's eyes were turned away,—nor could he be unconscious that Alexis examined his face with as scrutinizing a glance whenever he had an opportunity. He also saw that his own absence of mind, sudden silence, and perturbed look, were observed with surprise by his mother and sisters, and with evident anger by Ernest, as if he thought his manner wanting in courtesy and respect to his new friend, who, on his part, found conversation, laughed without mirth, and seemed to eat ravenously without any real appetite.

At length, as if unable to bear the oppressive, searching, though stolen gaze of Lysander, Alexis Delmont turned his full front face suddenly round, as if in defiance, and fixed on him an inquiring and unshrinking look—but *his cheek was crimsoned by emotion, and the dilated nostril expressed mental conflict.*

Lysander was returning the gaze with one as

fixed and inquiring, when, in a moment, the past came distinctly over his recollection! and, unable to conceal his terrible suspicions, *convictions* he dared not call them, he arose from the table and left the room.

When he reached his own apartment he locked himself in, and endeavoured to recover himself, but in vain; and he was still rapidly pacing backwards and forwards, when his mother and his sister Minna begged admittance. The recollection of a moment was sufficient to shew him what he must say to them: the sensitive nature of women was not fitted to endure, without inquiry, suspicions like his, and with forced composure he admitted them into the room.

He was not surprised to find them agitated, nor to learn that Ernest resented his strange conduct.

“And what says his friend to it?”

“Oh! he says he is sure that he reminds you of some one either too agreeable or very disagreeable to you, but that he never saw you before.”

“He says this, does he,” replied Lysander, thoughtfully: “*part* of what he says is certainly true, and the *last* part, very likely; I dare not assert the contrary.”

“But, my dear child,” said his mother, “which

of it is true, and which false. Your conduct has made us very uneasy."

"That should not be," answered Lysander, kindly; "but all I have to say, is, that *he* does remind me of some one *very* disagreeable and odious indeed; and he also reminds me of some of the most painful moments of my life."

"Is that the whole truth, Lysander?" asked his sister, doubtingly.

"Not exactly; but it is as much as I shall at present disclose, my sweet Minna; and it is what I wish thee, or our dear mother, to tell the young man himself, for it is a subject I cannot converse with him upon. There is nothing, I trust, very offensive in this, is there?"

"N—no," replied both the ladies, hesitatingly; —and, begging them to go down and say what he had bidden them, he promised to join them ere long. But he did not follow soon; nor could he, without earnest supplication for aid, recover the shock which his feelings had received; for he could not believe that his suspicions were not realities. He had told his mother, that he thought his return providential; and a deep, solemn impression that it was so, now settled on his mind; and he humbly implored to be endowed with self-command, with

incessant watchfulness and unshrinking resolution—and then he ventured to return to the supper-table.

He found Alexis laughing at this fresh proof of the common-place vulgarity of his own features.—“I am like every body, I think,” said he. “I never go any where but some one stares at me and says,—O dear, how like you are to so and so! Nay, I have the misfortune of resembling some very wicked people.”

“How is that?” said Lysander, starting; “what, any wicked person in particular?”

“Oh! more than one,” replied Alexis, coldly, as if offended at the abruptness of the manner of his interrogator. “One lady fainted at sight of me; because I resembled the man who killed her husband; and a woman went into fits, because she took me for her husband, who had been hanged for murder!”

“And yet you have not a murderous, nor even a vicious expression, that I have as yet discovered,” said Lysander, gazing at him intently.

“Nor that you will ever discover, I flatter myself,” rejoined the other, proudly.

“I hope not,” replied Lysander, thoughtfully.

“I am sure not,” answered Alexis.

“And so am I,” thundered out Ernest; “and I

think if, as I have heard, men go abroad to improve their manners, my wise brother has travelled to very little purpose; and if he ever does not make a forward, makes a retrograde motion; and he—but it is bedtime. I shall retire, being too much discomposed to recover myself again till I have slept.”

This was the signal for a general breaking up. Alexis coldly bade Lysander good-night; which the latter civilly returned, then he declined a visit from his mother in his own room, and went to bed—but not to rest: a second sleepless night awaited him, where he had hoped to know a sleep unbroken as the slumbers of childhood. So little can we calculate on what the morrow will bring forth!

But a mind like Lysander Von Wieber's, was not likely to remain long in a state of feverish agitation; and, feeling the truth of those encouraging words, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee,” he joined the family at the breakfast table with a cheerful countenance.

“Where is Mr. Delmont,” said he; “does he not breakfast at home?”

“How should he venture,” replied Ernest, with a sneer; “he is afraid of throwing the great man of the family into fits.”

"There is no fear of that, my dear brother," replied Lysander, gently. "I trust that I shall not behave so ill again: if I knew where to find your friend, I would go for him."

"How condescending!" observed Ernest, sarcastically; "but my friend has breakfasted, and is gone to his work."

"What! is he gone to discover the philosopher's stone, or something as marvellous?" asked Lysander.

"He knows what he is about; and will succeed, I doubt not, in time," replied Ernest, with a blush of mingled anger and embarrassment.

"Well, I do not care what he does," replied Lysander, "if thy money, and that of those most dear to thee, which is confided to thy honourable keeping, is not risked in any of his projects. He has a right to do what he pleases with his own."

"Certainly, certainly," said Ernest, and suddenly left the apartment.

"All is not right in that quarter," thought Lysander,—and he was glad to escape from painful reflections, by proposing to read to the ladies while they worked.

At dinner Ernest returned, accompanied by his friend, to whom Von Wieber found himself to be

particularly attentive. Still he felt that Alexis was not at ease in his presence; and that the usual insinuating sweetness of his countenance was exchanged for one of a very sinister expression whenever, unobserved, he fixed his eyes upon him. Yet, this was not to be wondered at. The young man had found himself domesticated in the family, and loved as if he had been a near relation,—when, lo! the head of it returns and flies his presence, because he recalled disagreeable images and painful feelings.

Any man would regard another with indignation who had come mal apropos, and behaved so strangely. Still, was it *possible* that he could be mistaken in his personal identity?—if not, the look of distrust was more obviously accounted for;—yet, *could* it be?—could he indeed be the person whom he so much resembled? He could not but own that there were many instances on record, of resemblances so striking and so perfect that even a wife lived, for some years, with a man not her husband, but who returned from battle declaring himself to be such, and she, as well as his relations and friends, acknowledged him to be the man whom he called himself. How much more likely, therefore, it was, that such a resemblance existed between the stranger and the individual in question, than that

the latter should, by some almost impossible charm, be his mother's and brother's guest, and the delight of the family — and had he not said he was taken for a murderer? While these thoughts were passing in his mind they gave a milder and more benevolent expression to Lysander's countenance as he looked at Alexis, who was not slow to discover it, and his awkwardness immediately vanished — and when he saw the children come eagerly to him and climb his knees, 'the envied kiss to share,' there seemed so much affected kindness of manner towards the boisterous intruders, and such an evidence of the best and sweetest affections in all he did and said, that Von Wieber felt almost *ashamed* of his suspicions, and resolved to make the object of them amends by bringing forward the subject of his entering into partnership with his brother. But while Lysander was expressing his dislike that any thing should be concluded in haste, and till the proper inquiries had been instituted,—Alexis, proudly interrupting him, declared that he would not consent to be taken into partnership, after what had passed, till time sufficient for proper inquiries had elapsed, and till he was proved to be the man he professed to be. He added, that he and Ernest had both written to the Honorable James Kenmore, the banker at whose

house they had both been together at a watering-place, who was at once his friend and distant relative, and that, when his answer arrived, he trusted it would satisfy all parties. On hearing the name of this English banker, Von Wieber recollected it to be that of a partner in a very respectable house in London; and he immediately wrote to a friend in London, to ask whether this gentleman was a man of such unquestionable integrity as to make his recommendation of any one worthy of implicit credit—and then he left the event to Infinite wisdom and mercy.

In the mean while, Lysander found that Alexis was a sort of admirable Crichton,—that he excelled in fencing, boxing, running, leaping, wrestling,—that he could swim with his clothes on better than most men without,—that he could ride three horses at a time, standing,—and could also draw, read to admiration, and write pretty *vers de société*. Who can wonder, therefore, that his belief in the truth of his impressions began to fade, and that, long before the expected answer could arrive, his suspicions were nearly gone. One day Ernest, who had never entirely pardoned his brother's doubting the perfection of this object of his idolatry, earnestly begged, when alone with him, that he would tell him of

whom Alexis had the misfortune to remind him: and, as his doubts were now nearly removed, he no longer hesitated to inform him,—and I shall, in my own words, relate the anecdote which he told.

About three years before Von Wieber's return home, he resided in the city of ——, in Russia, and one morning a friend, who was breakfasting with him, said, looking at his watch, "I did not think it was so late,—I must leave you, for I am engaged to go with a brother of mine, to see a very remarkable malefactor undergo the punishment of the knout, and afterwards be branded on the back and arm, before he undergoes the rest of his sentence,—namely, exile, imprisonment, and hard labour."

"I have almost a mind to accompany you," replied Lysander, "as I am curious to see these punishments inflicted;—still, I rather shrink from seeing such sights."

"Oh! but this fellow so completely deserves to suffer. He was born of respectable parents, and well educated,—indeed, he has talents and accomplishments of no common kind,—but he was a spoiled child, and became the cruel tyrant of the fond parents who ruined him. His vices and extravagance soon plunged them into an early grave, and

not without suspicions of his having accelerated the death of one of them. He then committed various other crimes; joined a band of robbers; was convicted of coining—had nearly killed the men who were sent to apprehend him; made his escape from his first prison in an almost miraculous manner, but was retaken on his rashly venturing to return after he had made his escape into a foreign country,—fancying that, in four years, his crime must be forgotten; and here he now is, about to undergo the sentence of the law.—Well, will you go?"

"Yes, I will," returned Von Wieber; "your account hardens my heart, and I think I can bear to see him suffer."

But when they reached the place of punishment, Lysander vainly tried to recall the culprit's crimes in order to enable himself to bear to see the punishment inflicted.

The appearance of the criminal was so prepossessing, he looked so young—so resigned, and bore his sufferings with such a meek and touching expression, that Von Wieber could not take his eyes one moment off his face, and was so painfully affected, that he would, if possible, have made his escape. But when he saw the young and muscular arm bared for the burning mark of infamy, and

beheld the wretched criminal evidently flinch from that indelible degradation, *while a deep flush overspread his cheeks, "and his dilated nostril betrayed his mental conflict,"* Von Wieber groaned aloud, and expressions of agony and pity escaped him, which caught the astonished ear of the culprit, who stood *facing him*, and who fixed his eyes steadily upon him, as if he enjoyed the unexpected sight of compassion for his pangs; nor did he withdraw them till he was turned round, to have his back also marked with the evidence of crime.

Von Wieber, sick to the very heart of the horrid scene, now forced his way through the crowd, saying to himself, "I shall never, never forget this morning; nor that poor youth's countenance and features. No!—they will haunt me while I live! Oh, that I had never gone to see such an exhibition!"

But time went on, and Von Wieber had ceased to recall the image of the young Russian, who was known by the name of Ladimir, till he beheld Alexis Delmont, and in him, when he looked on him fixedly and in front face, with the "*flushing cheek*" and "*dilated nostril*," as before described, he felt an entire conviction that he beheld the identical Ladimir, whom he had supposed to be in Siberia! No wonder, therefore, that he left the room as he did—

bewildered, and overwhelmed with consternation ! He knew quite well, that if Alexis was really Ladimir, he carried on his arm and back indelible proofs of his identity ; but how could he ask him to prove himself not to be one of the vilest of criminals by baring his arm to the view ?—and how could he, simply on the evidence of a fancied resemblance and against all probability, accuse a gentleman, the dear friend and guest of his brother, of being a thief, —a supposed assassin, and a man, degraded and branded as such on a public scaffold ? No, he could do nothing but leave the event in the hands of an allwise Creator, and watch for the slightest opportunity of satisfying his suspicions ;—nor did he doubt but that some such would occur.

When his narrative was ended, Ernest said, “ So, Alexis, and I *thought* that you took him for this Ladimir, for he has been more than once placed in unpleasant circumstances from his extraordinary resemblance to him.”

“ Indeed ! ” cried Von Wieber, “ that is a very pleasant hearing for me ; and you will own that it ought to make my peace with you both.”

“ I do not know that,” he replied ; “ it was rather hard to be so ready to believe an honest man a rogue, on the evidence of your recollection of a face

which you never saw but once, and that three years ago."

"But the face is such a remarkable one—so handsome, and yet so—so peculiar!"

"Which face do you mean, Ladimir's or Delmont's?"

"*Both*," replied Lysander, in some embarrassment; for, at that moment, the personal identity again *forced* itself on his mind with irresistible power, and he could not but again believe Ladimir and Delmont were the same person!

Ernest was conscious of this; and coldly said, "I will call Alexis in to give his own account of the extraordinary resemblance which he bears to this arch villain."

Alexis immediately related two instances in which he had been mistaken for Ladimir.—"Once," he said, "just before Ladimir had undergone his sentence, he was riding on the confines of Russia, and seized as having broken prison, and had difficulty in procuring his liberation. Another time, since the infliction of the sentence, he was travelling in a German waggon, and a gentleman said, 'If he were not in Siberia, and if I had not seen him set off myself, I should declare you, young man, to be the notorious Ladimir; and even as it is, I believe I

shall not be satisfied to let you quit my presence without being examined.'

"I answered him, that I could convince him of his error in a moment, by baring my arm, but that I would not condescend to do so. Convince yourself, however, added I, in a manner quite as sure. What colour are Ladimir's hair and eyebrows?

"'Black.'

"'Then look at mine.' He did so, and was convinced that *like* is not always the same.

"And I beg you, sir, to look at my eyebrows and hair: were not Ladimir's black?"

"Yes, I think so; and yours are light."

"And not only so," said Alexis, "the middle of my left eyebrow is nearly white;—a great peculiarity, and sufficient to identify me amongst a thousand."

"True, very true," replied Von Wieber, with a beaming and benevolent smile. "I am now quite convinced that Ladimir and Alexis Delmont are two persons; and I heartily ask you to excuse my doubts of your respectability."

Alexis assuring him of his forgiveness, and that his suspicions were excusable, shook hands with him; and great joy that evening prevailed in the family circle of the Von Wiebers. The elder brother's sus-

pitions were gone; his heart was lightened of an almost intolerable burden: the female part of the family knew that Lysander no longer opposed the wishes of Ernest. Alexis, also, excited all his powers to charm, and Lysander even expressed his impatience for the arrival of the letters, which were to unite his brother and Delmont in the desired connexion. But when he retired to his own room his doubts returned. The stories which Alexis had told concerning his daring seizure and threatened detention, appeared improbable; and as to the circumstance of his own hair being light, and Ladimir's black, Alexis was too good a chemist not to have been able to dye his hair, and *brows too*; and would unquestionably do so, as the brow which was partly white and part brown, would, indeed, be a very troublesome appendage to a man, whose day had been passed in all sorts of schemes to avoid detection; and, on recollection, this circumstance on which Alexis seemed to lay so much stress, as proof of his not being Ladimir, appeared to him to have a greater tendency to prove that he was so.

"However," thought he, "there is to be a boxing match amongst some Englishmen to-morrow, and although I hate such exhibitions, I will go to this, for Alexis will, no doubt, be one of the sparrers; and

he will not be sorry to have so good an opportunity of baring his arm, and thereby entirely convincing me of my error, without lowering his dignity."

Accordingly, when the sport, as it was called, was begun, Von Wieber entered the arena; but, to his great surprise and dismay, though the other boxers' arms and backs were bare, Alexis wore a flannel waistcoat, buttoned up to his throat, and at the wrists! And again Lysander's heart misgave him — again an expression of distrust lowered on his open brow; and no doubt Alexis instantly discovered it, for, coming up to Lysander, he said, "You must wonder to see me muffled up thus, like an old man; but an English physician told me, who attended me after I had caught an inflammation on my lungs, by sparring without my shirt, that if I ever did so again, the consequences might be fatal; and he desired me never even to sleep without a flannel waistcoat."

This story seemed a plausible one; and Von Wieber, having failed in the object for which he came, smiled, bowed, and retired.

It was now the most sultry season of the year, and many young men were in the habit of bathing in the beautiful Rhine, which flowed near the city; and Ernest and his brother very often used to go to

one particular spot for that purpose; but Alexis never accompanied them. He dared not, he said, for fear of catching cold; and unless he could venture to pull off his flannels, he should not enjoy the water. One day, however, the weather was so oppressive, and he so languid, that he resolved he would bathe, at all events, and defy the English physician; and Von Wieber's heart bounded with pleasure—for if he really could dare, on any occasion, to pull off the waistcoat, he could not positively be the branded Ladimir; and joyfully did he see him bounding before them, on the road to the beautiful bay, where the brothers usually went. Gladly did Lysander see him hang his hat, and coat, and outside waistcoat on the trees, and plunge his naked foot in the water, before the flannel vest was unbuttoned. But Lysander was fated to know another disappointment; for Alexis, suddenly snatching back his feet, uttered a sort of shriek, and fell, in seeming agony, on the ground.

"This is what I feared," said he, as they raised him up; "oh, this cramp! this dreadful cramp! The sensation excited by contact with cold water in a hot day, often affects me thus. Oh! pray let me sit down. I cannot, dare not bathe; how disappointed I am!"

"Not so much as I am," thought Von Wieber; and with painful impatience he expected the arrival of the answers from England. He soon received an answer to his own letter, and it was satisfactory. His correspondent said, that the Honorable James Kenmore was a most worthy, sensible man, and was not likely to know or recommend any one who was not deserving of esteem and respect.

An answer also arrived to Ernest's own inquiries, addressed to Kenmore, and a most unexpected one it was; for the Honorable James Kenmore answered the letter to him in *person*.

"It had followed him," he said, "to Spa, and had determined him to come and see his friend Ernest, and do his young cousin the justice of saying a good word for him to his new friends."

And many a good word, indeed, did he say in his favour; and he even guaranteed his being a man of property, as his dividends were received at his bank. And Ernest was delighted, his mother pleased, Minna satisfied, the younger girl overjoyed that Alexis would now positively settle amongst them, and Lysander *tried* to rejoice; tried to believe all that glittered was gold, but *could not*; and he spent hours in the day, during Kenmore's visit, in solitude and prayer; for if, after all, Alexis should turn

out to be Ladimir, for what purpose, but *an evil one*, should that terrible being have come amongst them! Besides, Lysander could not help thinking the Honorable James Kenmore too vulgar and boisterous in his manner to be, in reality, the son of a nobleman; and neither Minna, nor Bertha, knew how to tolerate his loudly expressed admiration, nor his frequent assertions that, the result of the residence of Delmont amongst them, would be a marriage. But he went at last; and the next day, the arrangements for the partnership were to be made, as Lysander could object no longer; yet, strange to say, he hoped, that when every thing was on the point of being settled, and all objections were given up, Alexis would be generous enough to bare his right arm and say, "There! convince yourself that my arm is as free from the brand of crime as your own!" But he was not so generous as *yet*; and Lysander, beginning to convince himself that suspicion, if carried to excess, was almost a sin, endeavoured to join in the gaiety of the rest of the party. It was agreed that they should all dine, that day, on the banks of the Rhine, a few miles from the city, and most of the party were to go on horseback; Alexis entreating to be allowed to go with Minna, to whom his attentions were now evidently

marked; but Lysander saw, with pleasure, that they were not acceptable; still, Alexis had such power of captivation, that Lysander cast a melancholy glance towards the future.

But Minna chose to accompany her mother in the carriage; promising, however, if the weather continued fine, to return on horseback. Alexis, with the hilarity of a man, whose mind is relieved of a load, and whose prospects are bright, mounted a fine, spirited young horse, that Ernest had given him, and seemed in a state of even triumphant enjoyment, in which Von Wieber found it impossible to sympathise. And he was very glad that he had settled to walk with his brother Ernest, with whom he had rarely opportunities of being alone; for, he could not but see that Ernest had cares, in which he did not choose he should participate, and that he had also feelings of resentment towards him on Delmont's account, which had not yet subsided.

On this day, however, as Lysander had withdrawn all opposition to receiving Alexis as his partner, Ernest seemed rather desirous of his company, and just as Alexis rode off, Lysander felt his arm taken by his brother.

"Well, Lysander," said he, "so, at *last*, thou art willing to think thou hast been in an error, and to own it."

"If thou wilt promise me not to be angry, I will answer thee?"

"I will try not to be so."

"Then I must own that, on mature deliberation to day, I am more convinced than ever that Alexis and Ladimir are the same person!"

"How!" cried Ernest, excessively agitated, and throwing off his brother's arm indignantly, "and whence have you come to such a preposterous conclusion? I thought that the arrival of Kenmore must have removed your suspicions for ever."

"No, it confirmed them. I cannot believe that the son of an English peer could speak, and act, and look so like a *blackguard*, to use a strong English term; and as I have read in English newspapers, of swindlers who have passed at a watering-place, for men of rank, I am inclined to believe this man might be an *accomplice* of Ladimir's, if, as I suspect, Alexis be this accomplished villain. Pray how long were you at Kenmore's elegant villa?"

"Only two days; Alexis was forced to set off for London very suddenly."

"Yes, to escape detection, and justice, very likely. Well, then, in the next place, his sparring in his waistcoat, and his *sudden seizure* when about to bathe were, to me, on reflection, suspicious cir-

cumstances; and so also was the stress he laid on Ladimir's hair being black, and his own eyebrows *light and particular*. No doubt, that as soon as Ladimir wanted to assume disguises, he took care to conceal his peculiarity of eyebrow by some dark dye; and that now he was glad to be seen with his own light hair and defective eyebrow, in order to be a complete contrast to himself."

"Brother! brother!" said Ernest, "I am really *shocked* to see how entirely blind you are to every side of the question but *one*. I thought you had been a more *impartial* judge."

"Nay, dear Ernest, it is you who are resolved, as it seems to me, to see only one side; but I have one important question to put to you. Did you ever see Alexis without his flannel waistcoat?"

"Never! how should I, when he thinks he should die if he took it off, except for a new one?"

"But, is it not strange that he should not have bared his right arm, to enable you to *convince me*, though he could not, perhaps, consistently with his former dignity, if innocent, condescend to do it at *my* requiring; and is not this a suspicious circumstance? I own, that after I had openly abjured my doubts, and we had shaken hands, I expected, as a generous man, that when he said, 'your suspicions

were excusable,' he would have added, 'and *now* then I will *bare* this calumniated arm ! ' "

" I own," said Ernest, deeply sighing, " that I expected the same, and I am mortified that he has not done it ; but he may still intend it."

" *Never !* an honourable, and an innocent man, could not have been easy to have withheld such proof *an instant* ; neither *you* nor *I* should have hesitated to do it."

" No, I own it ; but if he is indeed a villain, and *this* very villain, what, what shall I do ? "

" Whence this emotion ! and why is it of so much importance to you, to prove this man trustworthy ? "

" Oh ! because—but, dear Lysander, tell me, should this man turn out to be Ladimir, as he is so very clever, so fine a chemist, and has made a discovery which, if it succeed (and there is little doubt of it), will make my fortune, must we send him away ? Should we cast from us the penitent criminal, who is desirous of amending his ways, and earning an honest livelihood by the exertion of his talents ? "

" But where is this penitent ? The man, who comes as an impostor into a respectable family ; who says he is what he is not, and who tells lies on lies,

cannot have a converted heart, and must have come hither for a sinister purpose. Had it not been so, he would have said, 'You see before you a great criminal, but a repentant one; I have escaped from prison—give me employment, and I will not deceive you—I know I am unworthy of your notice; but *trust* me, and I will endeavour, by my conduct, to prove I am reformed.' Had Ladimir come to you thus, *then* I might have believed him penitent, and might have approved your willingness to profit by his talents at a *distance*; but, as he is, and covered with *unrepented* guilt, he is unworthy to breathe the same air with *honourable men*, as well as with uncontaminated women."

"True, most true," cried Ernest, wringing his hands, despairingly. "Oh, what a wretch, dear brother, am I!"

"How so, have you lent him money?"

"Yes, for his chemical processes."

"Much?"

"All not employed in my business; and all"—

"*What!* my mother's and sisters' fortunes?"

"Yes,—but then I hoped to double them."

"Oh, dear Ernest! hast thou forgotten we are not to do evil that good may come? Their monies were given in solemn trust to thee; and lending

them, even to treble them, on any speculation, was violating a sacred pledge. This comes of setting up an idol and bowing down to it. This man was your idol, and"—

"Yes; and love of gold, and of the something not yet possessed, that bane of my happiness, have led to this terrible result, and I am justly punished."

"Punished, and taught, and *reformed*, I trust; but your punishment, in one sense, will be light,—I will supply the deficiency; and perhaps my mother and sisters need never know the injury you have done them."

"Oh! my generous friend!"

"Nay—nay—I have only done my duty."

"But, dearest brother, it is not at all *certain* that Alexis is really Ladimir."

"We ought, I think, to *make* it so; we ought, or rather, you ought, to require him to bare his arm."

"But, if he refuses?"

"Why, then, you should refuse further association with him."

"Nay, Lysander, would *you* not refuse compliance with such a request?"

"I think not, under the circumstances."

"But if we were to discover him to be Ladimir,

should we be forced to detain him a prisoner, and have him conveyed back to his place of exile?"

"No, he is not under our country's jurisdiction. I should say,—Go, you are free!"

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say this! for I am so conscious that my own credulous folly and cupidity was a snare to him and tempted him, that I could not bear to harm him, even if I proved him guilty; but, *see!* there he is again! How he sits a horse! What a graceful being!—and look, Lysander, there is a smile!—is that the smile of a villain?"

"There is a smile,—but do you not see also an expression of triumphant cunning?"

Ernest was prevented from replying by Delmont's riding up to them to eulogise the paces of his horse, and express his gratitude to the giver of it. He then again rode off; and they were following his rapid pace with wondering and almost fearful eyes, when suddenly they saw him fall backwards from his saddle, and the horse without his rider running past them at full speed. They instantly ran forward to his assistance, and found that he had carelessly come in contact with the protruding branch of a tree, and that it had struck him to the ground. The brothers, having raised him in their arms, carried him to a bank at a little distance, and sent a

man who was passing, to go and catch the horse and go for medical aid, while, with contending emotions, they endeavoured to stanch the blood which flowed from a wound on the temple; but there was no wound on the head, nor did any limb seem broken; and, though he lay as if dead, there was pulsation in the heart—and thankful did Lysander feel, that he was not likely to be cut off in “trespasses and sins.” But, when they had untied his neckcloth and taken off his coat, to see if they could discover any fracture, Lysander, full of gratitude, exclaimed, “Now then, Ernest, an opportunity is granted to remove our suspicions for ever, or to convert them into certainties!”

Instantly, though with a trembling hand, he proceeded to bare the unresisting arm of him, who was, he believed, arrested in his course of guilt by the hand of Providence. He *did* bare that “young and muscular arm,” and saw on it, with shuddering horror but pious thankfulness, the letters of guilt—the brand of infamy!

Ladimir, indeed, lay detected before them;—and, while Ernest, prostrate on the turf, hid his face on his hands, weighed down by self-upbraiding, Lysander gave audible thanks for the mercy thus evidently vouchsafed.

At this moment, Ladimir suddenly recovered his senses, and in one moment more his recollection; then, casting a quick and eager glance at his open sleeve, he saw that he was detected, and with an expression which no words can describe, he exclaimed, "So, then, I see that I am *known*; but"—

"Go, you are free," said Lysander, hastily interrupting him; "go, and if possible, repent!"

"Those *must* be free," he scornfully replied, feeling in his bosom as if for a concealed weapon, "who are resolved to be so."

"Brother, be on your guard," cried Ernest, seeing something glittering in the hand of Ladimir.

"Weak, but kind-hearted man," Ladimir replied: "your brother has nothing to fear from me. Lysander Von Wieber!—I would not hurt a hair of your head—gratitude forbids it! You felt for me when no one else did, when I was on the scaffold. Your accents and words of pity drew my attention even from my own sufferings,—I saw, by your countenance, that you forgot my crimes in my agonies, and considered me only as a tortured fellow-creature—I knew you *instantly*, when I saw you again.—How could I ever forget you!"

As he spoke his voice faltered, and his emotion produced feelings and wishes in the hearts of the



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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

VIII.

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

I.

'T WAS not in porch or studious Academe
He heard the words of wisdom—and his seat
Was not with Paul at sage Gamaliel's feet ;
But in the desert, by the gushing stream,
On the bare rock, he wooed the heavenly theme :
And ever, as the trackless waste he trod,
Whispered in every breeze the voice of God,
And that Bright Presence blest his nightly dream.

II.

What recked he, though the desert was his home—
It was the House of God, the Gate of Heaven ?
What recked he, though to him was never given
To pore, entranced, on Learning's mystic tome?—

Mature in wisdom, when his hour was come
He left his lonely dwelling, and became
The Herald of the Mightiest, to proclaim
His presence, and denounce the sinner's doom.

III.

On that strange form the crowd admiring gazed,
As on Elijah from the dead restored—
So grave the Prophet's brow, so stern his word,
What time the cry of loud reproach he raised
On Baal's idol priests, abashed, amazed—
So trembled now the Scribe, so cowering shook
The Pharisee beneath the Baptist's look—
So Pride was humbled, and the Lord was praised.

ALT-Y-RYN.

BY MISS B. E. MACAULAY.

I.

WHEN the current of life in its channel runs low,
Through the desert of years lagging faintly and slow
Of the gay scenes that margined its early career,
Thou, fair Alt-y-ryn! shalt the brightest appear:

II.

Rendered back through thy waves, as when light foliage
shakes,

With each fibre reflected o'er blue summer lakes ;
Thus shall thought re-embody joys long since resigned,
With the glow and the gladness they flung o'er the mind.

III.

But it is not the glory of mountain and main
That the heart in its grasp shall thus fondly retain ;
For there if kind Nature her fairy gifts threw,
She has touched other shores with a pencil as true.

IV.

But the kindness of friends who ne'er varied, shall cling
Round the bosom it warmed when an isolate thing :
Oh, this is the strength of the seal that has set
Its impress as a spell on thy home, dear Annette !

V.

Though, without, the fierce tempest was loud in his wrath,
As the sear leaves of autumn were swept from his path ;
Yet the voice of sweet music was heard from within,
And glad hearts were glowing at fair Alt-y-ryn !

I CANNOT CALL THEE FAIR, MY CHILD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

I.

I cannot call thee fair, my child,
I cannot call thee fair,
Unless a perfect form and face
Be joined to gifts more rare :
If to thy features, blameless thoughts
The boasted charm impart,
I'll own that thou art beautiful,
And press thee to my heart.

II.

I cannot call thee eloquent,
Nor listen with delight,
Like some who deem that ruby lips
Are ever in the right :
But if from truth's integrity
Thy accents ne'er depart,
I'll own that thou art eloquent;
And press thee to my heart.

III.

I cannot call thee fortunate,
E'en though I see thee count
Thy worldly treasure o'er and o'er,
And boast of the amount;
But if the friendless of thy store
May claim an ample part,
I'll own that thou art fortunate,
And press thee to my heart.

WHAT IS A PEARL?

BY THE HARROVIAN.

I.

THE love of a mother blending
Joy and misery in her gaze,
The voice of a sister lending
Melody to our coming days—
Gems more glorious and bright may be,
A sister's smiles are pearls to me.

II.

The fading hope, the saddened glee,
Making a gloamin' in the face,
Faces we cannot hope to see—
The lip of love, the eye of grace—
Take the pearls of the Indian sea,
Orient stones have no charm for me.

III.

The brow so calm, the eye so meek,
That speak a spirit undefiled ;
The glow upon the mother's cheek,
Kneeling in worship by her child —
Is aught on earth more fair to thee
Than the heart in its purity ?

IV.

What is a pearl ? what is a pearl ?
The sunlight on a pictured pane —
The sweet tone of a village girl —
The little one's imperfect strain —
The praying eye — the bended knee : —
These are the pearls of price to me !

EVENING.—A FRAGMENT.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN, ESQ.

An eve, intensely beautiful—an eve
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl,
Dreaming of Hope. The rich autumnal woods
With their innumerable shades and colouring
Are, like a silent instrument, at rest ;
A silent instrument—whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play !

TO A LADY OF EIGHTY-SEVEN,

RESIDING AT BRISTOL;

WHO OCCASIONALLY AMUSED HERSELF WITH MAKING
ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Time-honoured lady! whilst thy leisure hours
Are spent in copying nature's fairest flowers,
Bidding her fragrant roses live and bloom,
Till fancy revels in the soft perfume:
Say, whilst such blameless tasks thy hands engage,
Dwell not thy thoughts upon life's storied page?—
Scanning its first turmoil, and present peace,
Trials now ended, strugglings vain that cease;
Past mercies, in woe's shape—by heaven's behest;
Angelic guardians they, in sorrow's vest!—
Griefs, from whose graves—mysterious, dismal prison—
Spirits of Faith and Joy have glorious risen:
The Christian's hope, sprung up through later years,
From early seed, sown in a soil of tears!

O! doubtless, such thy thoughts; and they must shed
A holy calm around thy silver head,
Hallowing the lightest tastes: these then are blest,
Though some may deem them profitless, at best;—
Yet long may such thy honoured hands employ;
While Seraph fingers, in the realms of joy,
Prepare the crown which He hath won for thee,
Who bowed His thorn-crowned head on guilty Calvary!

SONNET.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE, M.A.

ONCE—and *that once*, alas! how long ago!—
I trod this lovely valley in my glee,
Light-footed as the chamois bounding free
Over his subject wilderness of snow:
Now, with a mournful progress, staid and slow,
I journey on; yet nature is to me
As gracious as she e'er was wont to be.
Whence comes this change across the boisterous flow
Of my wild fancies? Hath some icy hand
Laid hold upon my joys, and turned their streams
To early winter—shivering as I stand,
Wrapped in this mist of melancholy dreams?
DEATH, *thou* canst answer! oh, restore—restore
Thy victim—and this vale will glad my heart once more!

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THE MAGDALEN

BY THE HON. AND REV. HARTHOLOMEW

There is a tender feeling
While yet devotion burns,
Painful though others see,
The parting storm, and then
Headless of gaze, and then
He dried His tears, and then
Powerful alike to grieve and cheer,
Took from her all her fears,
Thenceforth her life was
Her Saviour's power, then
To her he had a love,
Which made her love
Till by his faultless love
Where his redemption

There is a love

Wandering

Wandering, wandering

Wandering



THE MAGDALEN.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

THERE is a tender sadness in that air,
While yet devotion lifts the soul above;
Mournful though calm, as rainbow glories prove
The parting storm, it marks the past despair:
Heedless of gazers, once with flowing hair
She dried His tear-besprinkled feet, whose love
Powerful alike to pardon and reprove,
Look from her aching heart its load of care.
Thenceforth nor time, nor pain could e'er efface
Her Saviour's pity; through all worldly scorn
To her he had a glory and a grace,
Which made her humbly love and meekly mourn,
Till by his faithful care she reached the place—
Where his redeemed saints above all griefs are borne.

A FRAGMENT.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN, ESQ.

THERE 's not a star above; and the pale moon
Wandering like Innocence bereft of friends,
Nades through the mass of congregated clouds,
Seeking a spot of blue. As from the Ark
The Dove of old flew forth, and vainly sought
A speck of earth, undeluged by the waves.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

“ O Death, I will be thy plagues; O Grave, I will be thy
destruction.” *Hos. xiii. 14.*

I.

YE, who can read with searching eye
The mystic volume of the heart,
And trace each strange variety
Of feelings, that in turn impart
Hope, Joy, or Bliss; Doubt, Dread, Despair,
And all that man can be or bear—
Say, when do fondest parents prove
The fullness of parental love;
When most the Father's transports glow,
The Mother's tears of rapture flow?
Is it, when lingering watchful nigh
The husband hears in ecstasy
His first-born's faint but welcome cry?
Is it, when first the child can frame
Its lips to speak the father's name?

Is it, when sons and daughters rise
To youth of gallant mien and mood,
Or the full charms of womanhood ;
And deeper, holier sympathies
Spring in the hearts, that joy to blend
The ties of parent and of friend ?
Or is it, when the young are fled,
The lovely numbered with the dead ;
When all that promised fair are gone,
And some sweet child survives alone,
The last,—and now the only one ?

II.

I know not,—but the tale I tell
Directs me to an aged pair
Of name revered in Israël,
Who had but *one*, a daughter fair :
Ah ! need I say they loved her well ?—
Too well, perchance—for they had known
The grief so many parents feel ;
A grief by parents felt alone,
A wound, scarce time itself can heal !
They too had mourned a numerous race
Cut off in youth's first opening bloom,—
They too had watched each budding grace
Fade in the winter of the tomb ;—

And grief was darkening to despair,
And faith and hope were sinking fast ;
When Heaven, in pity to their prayer,
Bade the destroying Angel spare
One gentle child—the last.
She passed beyond the fatal bound
Which none had ever passed before ;
And years on years rolled brightly round,
And still she lived, and still they found
They loved her more and more.
Was it the memory of the past
That round her form such lustre cast,
As though the dead revived in her,
But purer still, and lovelier?—
For she was all his beauteous bride
To the enraptured lover seems ;—
Yes, all the youthful Mother dreams,
When gazing with a mother's pride
On the fair child that sports beside,
Matured in loveliness to see
The promise of futurity.

III.

And now on those endearing years
She verged, when childhood's playful mood
Just mingles with the new-born fears
And thoughts of conscious womanhood ;

When half in sport, and half in shame,
The timid maiden steals away
From youths who shared her childhood's play,
In manner changed, in heart the same:—
When the sweet sudden blush, that dyes
Her young cheek with a deeper rose ;
The downcast, half-averted eyes,
The quick and broken speech,— disclose
That feelings strange, unknown, unguessed,
Are wakening now within her breast.
O woman then is loveliest,— then
Hath charms she ne'er can hope again,
When thus by childhood frank and free
Is tempered maiden dignity,—
Unpractised in her sex's wile,
Untaught to feel Love's piercing dart,
While yet her sweet unconscious smile
Can fix it in another's heart !

IV.

But what have I to do with Love ?—
Mine is a tale of Woe :
And if the happier realms above
Their baleful union cannot know,
Yet hand in hand the sisters rove,
For ever linked below—

Wherever Love hath trodden,—there
Affliction comes,—a kindred Power ;
So twines the weed around the flower,
So poison taints the odorous air.
It is the charter of our birth,
That Hope and Joy with fleeting smile
Should bless our pilgrimage awhile,
But find no resting-place on earth.
Each is alike withheld or given,
To fit us for their home,—their Heaven !

V.

Both smiled upon that aged pair ;—
They saw their gentle daughter wear
The hue of health—nor other care
Before the grave to them remained,—
The haven of their hope was gained :
All earthly wishes anchored there !
For that sweet child was all to them,—
She was the last and loveliest flower
That blossomed on their ancient stem ;
And screened alike from sun and shower,
As in a garden's sheltered shade
They watched around the blooming maid.—
Thus guarded by a Mother's care,
Fenced by a Father's fervent prayer,
How could the Spoiler enter there ?

Alas for man! since the sad hour
Which exiled Eve from Eden's bower,
Has there on Earth been ever found
A spot of consecrated ground,
Where Guilt and Grief would not intrude
To mar the hallowed solitude?—
Pain, woe, disease, like falling dew
Come noiselessly, but surely too;—
And if we cannot trace the path
In which the Spoiler's darts are sped,
Unerring still, the bolt of wrath
Strikes the devoted head.
The shaft is hid from human eye,
We only see the victim die.—
Yes—oft in youth, in beauty's breast,
The seeds of death are closely pressed;
As in the rose the worm is bred,
By which itself is witherèd.

VI.

It was a law to Israel's race,
That thrice within the annual round
His sons should seek their holy place,
Zion, with golden turrets crowned :
There, in Jehovah's stately fane
Their vows were paid, their victims slain ;
When congregated nations trod
With reverent step, the courts of God.

The pious Father went his way
To hallow there the festal day ;—
He crossed his threshold,—and his Child
Half wept, as she was wont, half smiled ;
While on her cheek the healthful dye,
And the clear radiance of her eye
Seemed, as he kissed her, to impart
Fresh hope, fresh gladness to his heart ;
Hope, now unchilled by doubt or fear,
And joy unchastened by a tear.—
Oh, never had he borne till now
A heart so light, so calm a brow !
And when in Zion's hallowed fane
The votive sacrifice he slew,
Again, again, and oft again
With fervent prayer's imploring strain
Deep praise was blended too ;
Praise to the Lord of Earth and Heaven,
By whom so sweet a child was given !
When too, th' appointed offering paid,
He sought once more his blest abode,
Soon as the homeward path he trod,
His eye glanced anxious for the Maid
Who still was first to meet him there,—
Whose glance first beamed, whose lips first bade
His welcome from the House of Prayer.—
Haste in his steps, joy in his heart—
What mean that sudden pause and start?—

As Jephtha from the battle-field
Triumphant to his home returning,
His daughter at his gate beheld,
And joy was changed to mourning—
So, as Jairus now drew nigh,
The sight that burst upon his eye,
Was doubt, fear, wonder, agony ;—
Yet stood a form to greet him there,
And yet it was his daughter fair!

VII.

Why looks he thus ? No fatal vow
Binds him to slay that lovely maid ;—
No laurels grace his conquering brow
For which so dear a price is paid !
Oh no ! but there she stood—nor flew
To greet him with the welcome kiss ;
Her eye indeed was fixed on his,
But it was lustreless and dim—
Her cheek indeed was turned to him,
But O how changed its former hue—
The rose of youth and health had fled,
And left the paleness of the dead !
Yes, she *was* changed ! Disease had come
Since last he left his peaceful home
And changed her thus—but she had known
What pangs would rend her father's heart,
If entering now the gates alone
From which he did not thus depart ;

And therefore had o'er-mastering love
Her weakness nerved, her pain subdued—
And therefore—not in vain—she strove
Her watchful Mother to elude,
And drag without her fevered frame,
And greet her Father as he came !
Sad greeting this—for though the sight
Flushed her wan cheek with fresh delight,
And lit the eye, with languor dim,
O could it nerve the powerless limb ?
It could not—and too well he guessed
Why thus, as one entranced, she stood—
Nought spoke, nor asked—but to his breast
Clasped her in wild and frantic mood !
Sad greeting !—ever till this hour
Her fond embrace was first to bless
His glad return from Salem's tower
To home, and all home's happiness ;
Now *his* embrace met no return—
Her eye had lost its sudden ray—
Her cheek at once had ceased to burn—
And fainting in his arms she lay.
In agony of speechless dread
He bore within the senseless Maid
And laid her on her Mother's bed,
His rose of Beauty—soon to fade.
Ah ! when that Mother saw her lord,
Nor dear embrace, nor kindly word

His welcome bade—one glance was given
To him—the rest to her and Heaven.
For like the gourd, at eve that spread
Its broad leaves fresh o'er Jonah's head,
But, when he sought its shade by day,
Drooped, died beneath the kindling ray;—
So all they had, or hoped to have,
Of shelter from the storm of woe,
Was fast declining to the grave—
And whence or why they could not know;—
They only knew they could not save.—

VIII.

It was no lingering, slow decay,
When hope, still fainting, still revives;
And love, late yielding to dismay,
Hails the dim eye's returning ray,
And for an instant dares to say,—
“The bitterness is past—she lives!”
Another and another day
Beheld her living—yet Despair
Came at the first, and settled there!
As in a night without a ray
The frail and shattered bark is driven,
No port on earth—no beam from heaven;
So did nor look nor sound impart
A fleeting though a false relief
To either parent's bursting heart—

They seemed to hear in every breath,
In every moan, the voice of death.
And now, to pray the struggle brief,
And that their darling might not part
In that convulsive agony
Which makes it worse than death to die—
Was all the Father could—was more
Than could the Mother—would not *this*
Ev'n from her very words dismiss
The hope that in her breast was o'er?
If ever in her heart the prayer
Arose, 't was born and stifled there!
Yes! while she felt Heaven would not spare,
It would have choked her but to breathe
Her Daughter's name with that of Death!

IX.

Once, and *but* once, the Father strove
To feign the hope he could not feel;
And with dissembling words conceal
The bodings dark that all but drove
His soul to madness—he could steel
His heart indeed, and smooth his brow,
But could he blind a mother's love,
Or deem his inward griefs unknown
To her, who felt them all her own?
Vain was the thought—for conscious fear
Made e'en the words of solace now

Sound harsh and hateful to her ear,
Though uttered by a voice so dear.
"How canst thou talk of hope and life,
When all I see, and all I hear,
Forewarns me that the deadly strife
It maddens me to name—is near.—
Why, dearest, wilt thou seek to wear
A look of cold disguise to me ?
Am not I worthy still to share
Thy grief, thy anguish, thy despair ;
Whatever thou hast borne, to bear,
Whate'er thou art, to be ?
Then seek not thus in vain to keep
Alive the hope that is not mine—
Thou canst not teach me not to weep,
But I can mix my tears with thine.

X.

" But oh ! there is a lesson still,
How hardly learned — how lightly taught !
A lesson I have vainly sought
To practise in this hour of ill
The worst—the heaviest—'t is to bow
Without a murmur to the will
Of Him whose hand is on us now !
I know—for thou hast said—our God
Is ever to His promise true ;
I know he never wields the rod
But when it falls in mercy too—

And when the strife of sin is o'er,
I know, our blessed child will soar
On angel wings to yon bright skies,
All Angel there, all Paradise,—
But she will bless my sight no more
On earth; and should my frenzy rise
To murmurs rash and unforgiven,
I may not meet her e'en in Heaven !

XI.

“ Then teach me this—for when I gaze
On that clear brow and polished cheek,
That aspect, tender still and meek ;
That eye to which in other days
I looked for all a child could speak
Of comfort, or a mother seek ;
And think on her I loved—on all
She long hath been, and still might be,—
But no—I dare not now recall
The charms that bloom no more for me—
Lest in the tumult vain as wild
My wandering thoughts forget to pray.—
Ah, when I strive, they can but say,
‘ Would I could die for thee, my child !’
And thus I blame the hand of Heaven,
Which takes but what itself hath given.—
Then tell me not of Hope or Life—
Thoughts that but swell my bosom’s strife,—

But aid me, O my lord, to bear
The storm of guilty, rash despair,—
Lest in the dark impending hour,
When faith and hope have lost their power,
Perchance the Tempter should be nigh,
To bid me curse my God—and die!”

XII.

Nought did the Sire awhile reply,—
Only the motion of his vest
Revealed the heart's deep agony,
The throb, that could not be repressed—
For grief that springs to woman's eye
Man locks within his breast.
In lighter ills if he may seek
For comfort from a thing so weak ;—
'T is his, when doubt becomes despair,
To smooth his brow, to calm his air ;
And, where of hope he cannot speak,
Instruct her how to bear.
And this he tried—yet scarce subdued
Tears that had gushed in solitude ;
Nor words of solace more essayed,
But lifted up his soul, and prayed,—
Yes—prayed—though not a word he spoke—
Prayer from his o'ercharged bosom broke
In groans that seemed to rend in twain
The heart, and made all utterance vain—

Perchance to Him who hears on high
The moan suppressed, the stifled sigh,
And the mute language of the eye,
Ascended thus the father's prayer—
“ Lord, if the child thou canst not spare,
O nerve the mother's heart to bear;
Calm the wild frenzy of despair,
And teach us, aid us to resign
Our child to Thee—for she is Thine.”

XIII.

Thus they—But still she sleeps, she sleeps—
Her father's groans are uttered low—
And silently her mother weeps
Tears, bitterest when they stilly flow,
As deepest streams are sad and slow.
Vain care! no sound disturbs her now—
There is no quivering of the brow—
No motion of the lips—no start
That tells, when sense and speech depart,
Of lingering life—the faint quick breath
Is the sole bound 'twixt her and death.—
But while the hopeless Father knelt,
With hands close-clasped, and eyes upraised;
With keener pangs than Abraham felt
When on his victim-son he gazed,
And bared his knife to strike the blow
Which left him childless all below;—

A servant, trusted long and tried,
Who from her birth that maiden fair
Had watched with all a father's care,
And loved with all a father's pride ;
Entering with silent step and slow,
Laid on Jäirus' arm his hand,
And drew him from the scene of woe
Unconscious—scarce he seemed to know
The voice—nor did the cause demand,
Or why he led him forth—or where.

XIV.

Haply a proved and aged friend—
One of the Heaven-illumined band
Still thinly scattered o'er the land,
Who watched, till Israel's woes should end,
And o'er his night of curse and crime
The Star of Jacob rise sublime ;—
Was passing that familiar door,
Which thus he ne'er had passed before,
When smote upon his startled ear
The voice of maidens wailing near ;
And all, around the friendly gate,
Seemed strangely drear and desolate.—
Ah, do his fears too rightly guess—
Weep they for her, in beauty's bloom,
In the mind's dearer loveliness,
Their brightest, sinking to the tomb ?

Sufficed short question, brief reply—
He sought that hospitable door,
Welcomed, as he was wont, no more—
For often would the maid espy
His steps advancing, and descend
To greet her father's ancient friend
With look and voice of melody—
Now the lone halls resound his tread,
As though already of the dead.—
Is then her gentle spirit fled?
For when the sad Jāirus came,
His quivering lips essayed to frame
The words of welcome—but his tone
Was faint and faltering, and his eye
Fell vacant as on one unknown.
His friend beheld his agony,
And tears of sympathy betrayed
How much he loved the suffering Maid—
How deeply felt the Father's grief—
Ah, could he hope to bring relief?—
Hard is the task, when cold despair
Hath chilled the heart and frozen there—
Yet *this* that stedfast friend essayed.

XV.

“ Be comforted ”—the old man said—
“ Thy child is sinking to the grave—
But mourn not yet as for the dead—
If all of earthly hope has fled,

Say, is there none from Heaven to save ?
Oft hast thou loved with me to look
Upon the Prophet's holy book ;
Oft hast thou traced the promised year
When the pure Virgin's heavenly Son,
The Light of Israel, should appear—
The hour is come—the Lord is here!—
And hast thou not a hope, that He
Will save in thine extremity ?”

XVI.

“ I have no hope,” he murmured low ;
“ O say not thus—Recall thy faith,
And there is One, thou yet shalt know,
Whose voice can stay the stroke of death ;
Yea, bid once more the vital breath
Enter the lifeless corpse—and tear
The victim from the sepulchre !
To Him, to Him, thy miseries bear,
To him prefer the' impassioned prayer—
Thy tears, thy doubts, He will forgive,
And bid thy dying daughter LIVE !”

XVII.

LIVE ! LIVE ? Through every vein the blood
Flowed freely at the joyous word—
And silently awhile he stood
As though some potent spell he heard

Which stilled at once his stormy mood,—
The oil of peace on passion's flood!
"Didst thou say, LIVE? And is it He,
The Man of Might and mystery,
The miracle of virgin birth?
Walks he a latent God on earth?
For who can stay the arm of Death,
Who can arrest the parting breath,
But God alone? Say then, is He
A present, potent Deity?"

XVIII.

"O slow of heart," his friend replied,
"To follow Faith, the' unerring guide;
Slow to receive the Prophet's word,
And read the wonders of the Lord!
When visions on Isaiah fell,
Did he not pierce with eagle eye
The clouds that veil futurity,
And look undazzled on that Sun
Which Seraphs scarce may gaze upon—
The Hope, the Light of Israel?
Spake not his glowing strains of One,
Whose wondrous names His glories tell,
The Father, though a Virgin's son,
Jehovah, though Immanuel?—
One, who should seal to Abraham's seed
The peace from Adam's fall decreed;

And point the path that leads on high
To life and immortality?
Whose voice should to the captive be
The welcome sound of liberty—
At whose high word should light relume
The eye long closed in deepest gloom;
Whose frown should scare the fiend away
From the lost wretch, his prostrate prey—
From Death's fell grasp should snatch and save,
And wrest her victim from the grave?—
That one is here. Mine ear hath heard
The potent, life restoring word;
Mine eye hath seen the lifeless clay
Torn from the baffled grave away;
My voice hath swelled the loud acclaim
Which hailed the great Deliverer's name—
Jesus of Nazareth—the Son
Of David—ere to earth he came,
By angels called the Holy One.

XXI.

“Nay, answer not—I read thine eye,
Nor can I wonder that to thee
'T is marvel all, and mystery,
What I have seen till thou shalt see;
Till thine expiring child shall be
Revived by his Almighty word,
And thou shalt own and praise the Lord.

Thou knowest, that I was journeying late
Amidst the vales of Galilee,
When, as I passed by Nain's gate,
I heard the low deep melody
Which speaks a spirit newly fled,—
The mournful music of the dead.—
Onward I pressed—in every eye
Hung the big tear of sympathy—
It was no paid and purchased show,
No heartless mockery of woe.
For not the child of wealth or power
Had met the' inevitable hour;
None, on whose bounty hundreds fed,
Whose smile was hope, whose frown was dread
The mourner was a widowed one—
And he, whose earthly race was run,
It was her Son ! her only Son !

XX.

Her only Son—and she was there,
Her eye fast fixed upon the ground
In all the stillness of despair.
Her pitying neighbours wept around;
But not a groan, or tear, or sigh,
Betrayed her inward agony.
I followed to the rocky tomb,
Deploring more the mother's doom
Than his, who filled the' untimely bier.
But, ere we reached the sepulchre,

Approached a crowd — amongst them One,
'Circled by numbers, yet alone;'
On him each eager eye upraised
With awe-struck adoration gazed,
They hung entranced on every word,
Or hailed him Prophet, Saviour, Lord!
He did not pass unheeding by,
But touched the bier — the train stood still —
The childless mother raised her eye
As though she knew the' unuttered will
Of Him whose voice was heard on high —
Whose fearful thunders rend the sky —
For less He could not be, who spoke
The summons which the dead awoke;
'Young man, I say to thee, Arise!'"

XXI.

"Canst thou thy long-tried friend believe,
Who never knew to frame a lie;
And with unwavering faith receive
The tale of might and mystery?
Then hear! I saw the dead arise,
I saw the cold and lifeless form
As but from sleep, unclothe its eyes.
I saw the colour fresh and warm
Flush to the pale and sunken cheek —
His quivering lips essayed to speak,
I heard the accents low and weak,

That mourner, too,—I see her yet—
O never can my heart forget
The tears of mingled awe and love
Which glistened as she vainly strove
For utterance—when I saw her kneel
Before His feet, not childless now;
And in her eye and on her brow
Was transport words could ne'er reveal.
I heard—I joined the loud acclaim
That hailed the great Deliverer's name;
Hosanna to the Lord, they said,
All praise to Him who wakes the dead!—
And He who thus could force the grave
To yield its captive prey,
Whose voice is potent still to save
In nature's last decay,
Is here. E'en now I hear the cry,
Which tells of Jesus passing by,—
And wilt thou, when the Lord is nigh
Leave thy sweet child to droop and die?
Shall not thy course to him be sped
Who calms the wave, and wakes the dead?
Ere yet she knew or thought to pray,
His pity raised the widow's son;—
Will He then turn thy prayer away
When pleading for thine age's stay,
Like hers, thy last, thy only one?"

XXII.

When storm and tempest sternly lower,
And all is dark as midnight hour ;
Hast thou not seen amidst the gloom
That seems to speak but death and doom,
A sunbeam o'er the heaving sea
Sweep radiantly and fitfully,
A ray of hope to those who strove,
Exhausted, with the maddening wave,
And now for pardon looked above,
To ocean only for a grave ?
So o'er the Father's clouded brow
There came a sudden brightness now,
As struck upon his quickened ear
The shouts that spoke the Saviour near ;—
And forth he rushed with impulse wild,
And paused not even upon his child
To gaze, or ask if yet—

* * * * *

XXIII.

Then heard he not the piercing cry
Which rang from out that darkened room,
Nor the shrill shriek of agony
That spoke too well his daughter's doom ;
Did he not know that all was o'er,
And he a father now no more ?

None guessed—for not a word he said
To the true friend who thus had spoken—
He looked not on the dying bed
Which but to see his heart had broken—
But hastened with distracted air
To meet the' advancing concourse—there
He sought amid the encircling train
The Promised One—nor sought in vain.
For while the crowd around him pressed,
Awed by his look of high command,
None mingled with the chosen band,
None dared to touch his flowing vest ;
While yet a nameless majesty
Had charmed and chained each conscious eye,
And mute his thrilling voice they heard,
As life or death were in the word.
At first the wretched Father saw
Alone the hoped Deliverer ;
But ever, as he drew more near,
A solemn yet a soothing awe
Tempered and quelled his soul's despair—
Prostrate upon the earth he fell,
And twice essayed his tale to tell
In vain—at length he poured his prayer
In brief and broken words, and said,
“ E'en now my daughter, Lord, is dead—
But touch her with thy healing hand
And she shall live—if thou command.”

XXIV.

HE spake not: but a pitying eye
Upon the prostrate suppliant turned;—
Was it the spark of Deity,
That in its pure effulgence burned?—
Or how should thus a glance control
The tumult of his struggling soul,
And bid the storm of passion cease,
And calm distraction into peace?
As if some mute command were given
By viewless messenger of Heaven,
He rose, ere yet a word was said,
And followed where the Prophet led,
Followed with aspect calm, resigned,
Altered in mien, as changed in mind.
And ere they reached the house of death,
A miracle of love he saw,
Which, while it thrilled his frame with awe,
Revived his hope, assured his faith:
Then—then, indeed, he knew—he felt
No mortal form before him trod,—
His heart within him seemed to melt,
As conscious of the present God!

XXV.

I said, the listening crowd that pressed
To hear his words, in awe profound,

Dared not to touch the Saviour's vest :
As though his presence breathed around
A charm that made it hallowed ground.—
A wan and wasted woman there
Had mingled with the attendant train ;
Deep trace of toil and lingering pain
Her aspect seemed to wear ;
The pale sunk cheek—the rayless eye—
The squalid garb of poverty—
Bespoke the child of want and woe,
Whom friends forsake, and kindred fly,—
Who hath nor hope nor help below.
And such she was,—but still her prayer
Was registered by Him on high,
Whose equal love, whose equal care,
The lowest and the loftiest share !
She looked on Jesus passing by,
And knew the Lord was there ;
And in her heart there seemed to spring
A sudden, strange imagining,—
A ray of hope,—a beam of faith,—
A life amidst her living death.
And softly through the crowd she pressed,
And, trembling, touched his flowing vest,
O God ! what vast and wondrous Power
Was nigh, to heal her in that hour?—
Even with the touch fresh vigour came
Into her shrunk, exhausted frame !

The warm blood leaped through every vein;
Health flushed her glowing cheek again,
As when, unconscious of her doom,
In youth, in beauty's opening bloom,—
The name was all she knew of pain!
Yes, patient sufferer, thou art freed!
Though not unmarked that noble deed:
For suddenly the Prophet spoke,
And sought her through the circling crowd,—
She sunk before his searching look:
For vainly had she striven to shroud
Her form from Him, whose piercing eye
Nor man nor fiend can hope to fly,—
To whom nor time nor space is known,—
And darkness and the light are one!
Disclosed, to earth she meekly fell,
And strove her tale of woe to tell,
And how she touched the healing vest;—
Her tears—her praises told the rest!
Oh! sure on earth to those was given
A foretaste of their promised Heaven;
Who gazed upon the Incarnate Lord,
And glowed to hear his gracious word,—
“ Daughter, thy sorrows henceforth cease;
Thy faith hath saved thee,— go in peace!”

XXVI.

Jairus heard, and doubt and fear
Passed from his wondering breast away ;
Nor trembled in his eye the tear,
Nor shook his frame with sudden start,
Nor aught more quickly throbbed his heart,
When now they met the sad array
Which told that all at length was o'er,
And he a parent now no more !
Unmoved, the pageantry of death
He viewed, and heard the minstrel train
Their melody of sadness breathe ;—
The Father could not doubt again,
Not when, with tears of fond regret,
Encountering friends and kinsmen said,
“ Thy daughter even now is dead,—
Why troublest thou the Master yet ? ”
Oh, no ! he could not thus forget
All he had seen, and felt, and heard :—
Yet Jesus spake one soothing word
To calm his fears, and fix his faith,—
Then led him to the scene of Death.
A mingled crowd had gathered near,
By friendship or by pity led,
To mourn a Maid so justly dear,
And with the Father's blend their tear.
“ Give place ! ” the' advancing Prophet said,—
“ The Maiden sleeps, she is not dead ! ”

XXVII.

But they had gazed upon that form,
Which, calm and lovely as it lay,
Was but a mass of lifeless clay,—
A banquet for the withering worm!
And they had seen her full dark eye,
Sealed in that stillness of repose,
Which follows instant on the close
Of suffering, frail mortality,—
Yet seems so like a living sleep,
The mourner half forgets to weep ;—
And they had heard the Mother's cry
Of loud and hopeless agony ;
And seen the attendant maidens tear
Their robes,—and rend their flowing hair ;—
And thence they knew that life was fled,
That all of human aid was vain—
And spoke derision and disdain
In whispered murmurs, as they said,
“ What—will this dreamer raise the dead ? ”
’T was but an instant !—At His word,
Forth past the unbelieving band,
For none withstood his high command,
Though none yet knew their Lord.
When all was still, and scarce a breath
Was heard within the house of death,—
The childless parents first he led
Into the chamber of the dead,—

Then of His train the Chosen Three :
Softly they stepped, and silently
They knelt around the bed
On which the just departed lay :—
Yet the sad Mother turned away
From that pale corpse, so coldly fair ;
Faith yet was struggling with Despair ;
And still on Jesus fixed her eye,
Lest Doubt should win the mastery—
'The Father's glance was rooted *there*.—
Yes, on that form he seemed to look
As if the spirit had not fled,
As if the grave would yield its prize—
And moved not, till the Saviour spoke
His mandate to the unconscious dead—
“ Maiden, I say to thee, Arise ! ”

XXVIII.

O Father ! dost thou view on earth
The marvel of a heavenly birth ?
O Mother ! dost thou clasp again
Thy child without a mother's pain ?
Do ye, O faithful, favoured Three !
Again behold the victory
O'er Death, or is it on the dead
Your steadfast glance is riveted ?
No ! 't is not on the dead they gaze ;—
The wondering father looks not now

On the pale cheek—the still cold brow !
The mother, rapt in mute amaze,
No longer turns on that closed eye
The glance that vainly asks reply !
For lo ! her fringed lids unclose !
Her eyes with living lustre beam,—
As if she woke from calm repose,
Or from a bright and blessed dream !
And look ! again the faded rose
Glow round her lips ;—they seem to move !
Is it a warm and breathing smile ?
Or doth the witchery of love
With false, illusive spell beguile ?
Oh, no ! she rises,—she revives !
'Tis not a dream ! She lives ! she lives !
The life—the glad reality
Beams on her cheek—burns in her eye !
Fresh graces to the Maid are given,
As she had dwelt awhile in Heaven ;
And then returned to lower earth,
To shew what forms of angel-birth
Are tenants of the sky !

XXIX.

They spoke not,—moved not,—all they could,
It was to glance from her to Him ;
And if the dazzled eye was dim,
And scarce could look the gratitude

Which, e'en to bursting, filled each breast,—
To Him it was not unexpressed !
Their hearts before Him open lay !
Emotions, that for utterance strove,
Joy, Wonder, Adoration, Love,
Needed to Him no vain display
Of words : nor paused He but to say,
“ Receive your daughter from the tomb
Undoubting—for with mortal food
Soon shall ye hail her strength renewed,
And health restored in all its bloom.
Henceforth in solemn silence seal
The pangs ye felt, the joys ye feel ;
For life restored, for guilt forgiven,
Your praises shall be heard in Heaven ! ”

PREJUDICE.

A Tale founded on Facts.

BY L. T. VENTOUILLAC.

THOSE among my readers whose fate it has been to spend a great portion of their lives away from their native land, will appreciate the feelings with which, after an exile of twelve long years, I entered the steam-boat to visit my own dear France. The pleasure I then experienced was, however, greatly diminished by that feeling of awe which comes over the spirit of a man when, after a long absence, he reflects on the uncertainty of human happiness, and thinks how few of the friends who witnessed his departure with regret, may be left to rejoice at his return. My apprehension in the present instance, was not altogether unfounded, for on my arrival in Paris I was much disappointed by the absence of *one* family, which, next to my own, I most wished to have met—that of the Marquis de la Tour, whose sons had been

my playmates in childhood, and the companions of my studies in youth. They had both, during the reign of Napoleon, entered the army, where their talents and high character obtained them promotion; but these could not save them from the danger attached to their profession. One died gloriously in Spain, at the head of his regiment; the other was engaged in the Russian expedition, and as he was never heard of more, it is probable that, after having many a time braved death in the field of battle, he was doomed to meet it in a more terrible form, and perished of cold and hunger in the snowy wastes of Russia. Thus deprived of his two sons, who had justly inspired him with the highest hopes, the Marquis' paternal affections were centred in his daughter, who, when I left France, was a beautiful child, and promised to become one day a lovely woman. At the period now mentioned, she had just attained her twentieth year, and the delicate state of her health had induced her father to retire to a Chateau, which he had lately purchased, on the banks of the romantic lake of Geneva. On receiving this information, I determined to enter Italy across the Simplon, instead of proceeding, as I had at first intended, through Lyons and over Mount Cennis.

The road from Paris to Switzerland through Dijon has been happily compared by an English traveller, to a journey through Purgatory into Paradise. Holding the same opinion, I shall not attempt a description of it, but will confine myself to an expression of the joy I felt when, on the evening of the third day, I was informed we should, in the course of the night, begin the ascent of the Jura, and enter Switzerland the following morning. At break of day I was induced to leave the carriage and proceed for some time on foot, the better to enjoy the splendid and constantly varied scenery of this mountainous country: the road frequently wound by the side of precipices, several hundred feet deep, in which the streams descending from the mountains were heard, long after they had disappeared from the sight. Amidst the full enjoyment of this delightful scene, a sudden turning of the road presented the lovely lake of Geneva, with its still, blue waters reflecting the rays of the sun, then immediately over my head; beyond, appeared the plains of Savoy, whose lowly huts brought to the mind the idea of simplicity and virtue worthy of the golden age; further still, was seen the whole chain of the Alps, and in an open space between them rose Mont Blanc, lifting his hoary head far above the clouds, some of which were then

sailing at his foot, anxious as it were to do homage to the princely mountain. This sublime and overpowering scene, which to have once beheld, forms an epoch in the life of man, struck me with such perfect admiration, that my first thought on viewing it, was a wish that existence should then be suspended, and that I might at once find myself in the presence of Him who created such wonders.

On my arrival at Dejean's Hotel, within a short distance of Geneva, I inquired for the residence of the Marquis de la Tour. Learning that it was eight miles from the town, I sent my card, and the next morning a *berline* drove to the door, out of which stepped the Marquis. I should have recognised him in a crowd, so little had time altered his appearance; yet, when the warmth of our meeting had in some measure subsided and we spoke of the sons he had lost, the painful expression of his countenance shewed that sorrow, if not time, had been busy there, and that, although the latter had not bent his form, the former had left deep traces on his brow. Unable to resist the pressing invitation of my old and excellent friend, I consented to accompany him at once to his house, and of so interesting a nature was our conversation, that before I was aware we had travelled half the distance, the carriage drove up a long avenue and

stopped at the entrance of an old but well-built mansion, at the door of which a figure presented itself which it was impossible not to recognise. Madame la Marquise was one of those singular women, on whom, after they have reached a certain age, nature seems to make no impression. My recollection of her consisted in the idea of a tall, thin, upright, formal gentlewoman, with a head all cap, a body all *falbala*, and long, thin arms, the length of which could only be ascertained by that of the enormous *manchettes* under which they were buried. Such did Madame la Marquise dwell in my memory, and such I found her on my return;—the same formal, stiff, inoffensive woman as when her huge toupée and high-heeled shoes were almost a matter of as much admiration, as her *bonbons* and her *confitures* were a source of delight, to my earliest years.

Having received a hearty welcome, I was led into the *Salon* and introduced to her daughter Julie, in whom the beauty of youth well fulfilled the promise of early childhood. But, although her eyes had retained their wonted brilliancy, her cheeks had lost much of their former bloom, and there was on her countenance an expression of anguish, from which it was evident that the complaint under which she laboured was too deeply rooted for the skill of

the physician, unable to administer to "a mind diseased." Anxious to avoid any allusion to the memory of her brothers, whose loss I naturally supposed had caused this alteration in her appearance, I purposely turned the conversation to my long residence in England, and spoke of its laws, its customs, &c. But to my great surprise, the mention of England produced upon my friends, an effect I was little prepared to expect. The countenance of the Marquis assumed a seriousness almost amounting to anger, his lady appeared extremely restless, and their daughter, who at first seemed interested in the subject, became thoughtful and finally left the room under the plea of sudden indisposition. The Marquis probably perceived my regret and surprise at this untoward event, for inviting me into the garden, he commenced at once an explanation.

He was residing, he told me, in Paris, immediately after the peace, when foreigners of every nation, but particularly English, visited in crowds the capital of France. M. de La Tour, whose contempt for other nations was proportionate to the admiration he felt for every thing belonging to his own country, for some time avoided these intruders, as he was pleased to term them. Observing at last, that they mixed

in every society, he was gradually becoming reconciled to their introduction, when to his great horror he was apprised that a young Englishman had made proposals of marriage to his daughter; and that she, ignorant of the extent of her father's prejudice, and with a degree of imprudence for which she afterwards dearly paid, lent a willing ear to his proposal. The Marquis allowed that the circumstances and character of the young man who thus aspired to the hand of his Julie, were such as would have rendered the union rather desirable than otherwise, had it not been for the fact of his being a foreigner, and what was still worse in the eyes of the Marquis (himself a zealous Catholic), a *Protestant*. "I might reconcile myself," said he, "to his being a foreigner, as we are likely to continue friends with England; I could perhaps overlook the fact of his being the son of a merchant, since in his country the nobility think it no disgrace to unite their daughters with wealthy, though ignoble traders; but, to think that my Julie, the child of my heart, the only prop and comfort of my old age, should be united to a *heretic*,—give birth to children who would be taught to despise and deride the religion of her fathers; and finally, find a grave in a foreign soil, hopeless, on her death-bed, of meeting in another world, the parents whose faith she had

abandoned in this.—Oh!” he continued, his lips quivering with anguish as he spoke, “this is a thought I never could endure! To avoid so dreadful a result, I determined at once to dissolve the connexion, and removed to this place, where I am happy to find my child submissive to the will of her parent, and gradually forgetting a man who, she is aware, never can be her husband.”

“Are you sure,” I observed, “that she *does* forget this attachment, and is it not more probable that her declining health is the result of a deeply-rooted sorrow, increased by the very efforts made to conceal it?”

“I do not believe this to be the case,” replied the Marquis. “I have never myself conversed with her on the subject; but her mother, who made her acquainted with my determination, tells me she evinced at once a readiness to comply with our wishes, and has since appeared to shun all reference to the subject.”

I expressed some doubts to the Marquis on the point, when he requested that I would satisfy myself and ascertain the fact from Julie herself.

The reserve of my young friend and my own apprehensions, for some time prevented me from carrying this plan into effect; but having, after a

few days' intercourse, resumed her former familiarity, she entrusted me with the real state of her feelings, which had been, as I anticipated, concealed from her family.

The parents of Julie were, at the time of her birth, in circumstances far from prosperous;—the dangers to which they had been exposed during the French Revolution, the horrors of that period and their own personal sufferings, had given their minds a serious turn; having witnessed the evils of infidelity, they had determined upon giving their children the advantage of a religious education. The character of their daughter amply repaid them for the pains they bestowed upon her. It is true, that in an unguarded moment she listened, unknown to her parents, to the advances of a man, whom she had every reason to esteem; but the instant she discovered that this attachment destroyed the peace of her father, she determined, as much as lay in her power, to control her feelings, and overcome her passion. The effort, however, was vain. Loving with all the ardour of a woman, but desirous to obey with all the submission due from a child, she sacrificed her love to her sense of duty, and was evidently falling a victim to the struggle that took place in her breast, between passion and principle.

Finding that I was already in possession of her secret, and looking on me as a brother, Julie made me the confidant of her feelings, which I hastened to make known to her father. He could hardly at first believe my assertion; nor was he, when I had convinced him, more willing to consent to a union, against which his national and religious prejudices had given him so much antipathy. But when I represented to him, that by persisting in his refusal he was consigning to an early grave his only child, the sole support of his declining years, I could, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, perceive that the feelings of the father overcame the prejudices of the man; and, on my undertaking to exact a promise from Mr. Aubrey (the unwilling cause of his anxiety) that Julie should be allowed occasionally to visit her native land and to retain the faith of her fathers, he finally promised that if I were able to accomplish this, he would no longer oppose the marriage.

On leaving the Chateau, I carried with me, not only the hopes of Julie, but the wishes of the Marquis for the successful termination of an event on which he now well saw that both the happiness and the life of his child depended. My first thought, therefore, on reaching London, was to send for Mr. Aubrey, whom I found such as he had been

described to me, and from whom I had no difficulty in obtaining the desired promise, that Julie should be left entirely free as regarded her religion. But here another difficulty presented itself, which I had not foreseen, and which threatened to baffle all my hopes of success. This young Englishman was the son of a highly respectable and wealthy merchant, residing in London. His father was one of that class of men, of whose integrity it is impossible to doubt. As prudent in the management of his family as in that of his business, Mr. A. sen. exacted from his children, as he did from his clerks, unbounded obedience. Among the many qualities which distinguished him, was a strict attention to fulfil what he called his religious duties; that is, he attended divine service regularly every Sunday, and the absence of any member of his family from the large pew, in front of the gallery in the church of —, near Portland-place, was sure to cause numerous inquiries at his house on the following morning, for that person whose absence had excited general observation. Nor was this the only proof Mr. Aubrey gave, of a religious disposition. His name was to be found on the list of subscribers to most charitable institutions; his wife was patroness of the Sunday school, and his

daughters took a great interest in the success of an infant school, which was about to be established in their neighbourhood.

Yet, notwithstanding his strict attention to these very proper duties, Mr. Aubrey was at heart any thing but a Christian, and religion was with him a matter, not of feeling, but of convenience. To be *respectable*, was the resolution he had formed when he began life, and to accomplish it, had been the aim of that life. It was considered respectable for people of his station, to be present at church with their families, on the sabbath-day; therefore he was always there. A similar motive actuated him in the fulfilment of every other obligation, and if he exacted the same attention to religious duties from his children, it was not for the good of their souls, but for the respectability of his house. The sole lesson he seemed to have learned from the Sacred Volume, a splendid copy of which was every Sunday laid upon his table, was—that “wives should obey their husbands, and children be dutiful to their parents:” but to that pervading spirit of the Christian religion, which teaches charity unto all men, which should soften the heart to love, and bow the spirit to humility, he appeared totally a stranger. By profession, he was indeed a Christian; but in practice,

it had been vain to seek in him for a vestige of the character: fully satisfied with his own uprightness, he looked upon *that* as his greatest security, and was thus in much greater danger than the wretched sinner who, awakened by Providence to a sense of his guilt, may be induced to work out his salvation "with fear and trembling."

As may be supposed from this too faithful description of his character, I had but little chance of success in my application to Mr. Aubrey, respecting his son's intended marriage with Julie; and to quote one observation he made, will be sufficient to shew the nature and the strength of his objection. "Sir," he said, when I had made known the purpose of my visit, "I hate the French, both for their character and their religion; and rather than see my only son married to a French woman and a Catholic, I would readily follow him to his grave."

Argument was of course in vain after such an assertion, and I left him, dreading the consequences of the news it was now my duty to convey to my poor old friend, the Marquis. Some encouragement was derived, however, from the information I had received in a former letter. The hopes which Julie had conceived, from my having undertaken to act as mediator, were strengthened when she received the

letter announcing the readiness with which young Aubrey had acceded to the proposals I had to make. Her father's last letter had informed me that her health was considerably improved; and he had been assured by the physicians, that if her peace of mind could be restored, she might, in the spring, be considered out of danger. This information, and the knowledge I possessed of Julie's amiable and virtuous disposition, led me to expect that the distressing news I had to convey would be less fatal than might otherwise have been apprehended. The answer I received from the Marquis confirmed this hope. Although the intelligence had, as might have been expected, strongly agitated her at first, she afterwards professed herself perfectly resigned to a fate which, she had assured her parents, had been foreseen. From the day on which the communication was made to her, she never again mentioned the circumstance; but set about her usual occupations, if not with a light heart, at least with a cheerful mind; and if at times sadness appeared on her countenance, the expression was but momentary. True it is, her mirth and usual gaiety had left her; but these, it was supposed, would return with health and strength; and what health, and strength, and the kindness of friends could not do, time, it was hoped,

would accomplish. This hope, however, was unfounded; for years must pass, and they may pass in vain, before the tree that has been scathed and seared, will bear either leaf or fruit. It soon became evident to all, except her parents, that the days of Julie were numbered, and that her end was fast approaching. Of this melancholy fact I had been apprised by a friend, who resided on the spot; and the information was confirmed, when I perceived at the bottom of her father's next letter, the following words, traced in pencil by her feeble but well-known hand:—" *Consolez le quand je ne serai plus.*"

A few weeks after having given this fresh proof of the enduring strength of her affection, she determined to make her parents acquainted with her approaching death, of which they appeared totally ignorant—so blind is affection, and so ready are we to deceive ourselves! This duty performed, she seemed to consider herself no longer as one of this world; and, having spent a few days more in preparing for the approaching change, she at length, without a regret at the shortness of her life, but that it had not been more worthily employed; without a tear but for the sorrow of her parents, dropped from their arms into those of her Saviour; and passed, without a moan and without a struggle, from this

world of darkness and of misery, to that bright and happy abode, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Thus died, a martyr to affection and to prejudice, one who, had she been spared, might have proved by her character an ornament, and by her virtues an example to society. Her little history, touching as was her fate, should not have found a place here, but for the hope that it might offer a useful lesson. Those of her own sex may learn from her unhappy lot, the danger of forming an imprudent attachment; and, from contemplating the unfeeling and narrow-minded spirit which consigned her to an early grave, we may be led to remember, that of all the duties recommended by our holy religion, "the greatest" is charity, and that charity has not in the human breast a greater foe, than that spirit of self-satisfaction, whose origin is vanity and whose offspring is PREJUDICE.



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

OR,

The Fountain in the Wilderness.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

Authoress of "Worcester Field, &c."

I.

THE cruse was spent—and in the sultry wild
Sat the pale mother by her fainting child—
Watching in agony the dim eclipse
Of those gazelle-like eyes—his parching lips
Again in low imperfect murmurs sigh
Their vain request—"Oh! water, or I die!"
To her who, could it aught avail, would give
Her heart's warm stream to bid him drink and live.

II.

The sickly breathings of the sirroc blast,
That swept in withering fury through the waste,
Urging, with giddy force, the troubled sea
Of wave-like sands, that roll tumultuously;
All, all have scathed her—and the inward flame
Of fiercest thirst, consumes her fevered frame.

Yet are these mingled sufferings all forgot
In this dread hour—as though she felt them not ;
For she is reckless of all ills below,
Save the deep anguish of maternal woe.

III.

His eyes uncloze ;—Oh ! can the mother brook
The mute appeal of that heart-piercing look
Which mournfully, in touching silence, says,
“ Must I die here, unsheltered from the blaze
Of yon bright sun ? ”—Ah, no ! beneath the shade
Of one lone shrub she tenderly hath laid
The fainting boy,—then turned her from the spot,
And sat her down apart, but not remote ;
For “ Let me not behold ”—in smothered tone,
She says—“ thy death, my child—my precious one ! ”
Then in the travail of her soul’s despair,
Lifts up her voice to God in fervent prayer ;
While from the fount of woe, long sealed and dried,
Burst floods of tears in agonizing tide.

IV.

The gracious Lord hath heard the mourner’s cry :
He spake from heaven—light shineth from on high :
“ Fear not, ”—he says, “ arise, sustain the child !
The Lord hath heard his weeping in the wild.
The boy shall live,—for I have sworn to make
A mighty nation for his father’s sake

Of him—and of his children, who shall stand,
Unfailing witnesses to every land,
Of me, and of the wonders of my word,
Till the whole earth shall glorify the Lord.” *

V.

The clouds disperse,—and Faith’s returning light
Hath cleared the mists and shades from Hagar’s sight :
Her open eyes with ecstasy behold
A fountain in the desert, fresh and cold,
Before unseen, though gushing brightly near
In its pure depths as orient diamond clear.
Her trembling heart o’erflows with eager joy,
She fills the cruse, and whispers—“ Drink, my boy !
Drink of the living stream, in mercy given,
And lift thy soul with mine, in praise to heaven !”
He drinks—he lives—a holier draught to taste,
For “ God was with him in the lonely waste.”

* Like the dispersed and persecuted Jews, the descendants of Ishmael are living witnesses of the truth of Holy Writ. Unchanged in customs and manners, the Arab hunter of the desert is precisely in the same state as he was three thousand years ago. Although less noticed by those that “search the Scriptures,” the Arabian, like the Jewish nation, remains an unfailing witness of the power of God.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY A. A. WATTS, ESQ.

*Cecidit velut prati
Ultimi flos prætereunte postquam
Tactus ab aratro est.*

CATULLUS.

FAIR was thy thread of life, thou gentle maid,
But quickly by the envious sisters shorn ;
Even as the rose-bud from its stem
Is cropped—to bloom no more !

And like that floweret, too, which, though it fade,
Preserves a vestige of its former worth,—
Is fragrant in decay,
And odorous even in death :

So, though on earth thy form no more can wear
The wonted semblance of its winning grace ;
Yet shall thy virtues live,
And Time's rude hand defy !

Vanished are now thy flattering dreams of life,
Alike insensible to joy or pain,—
A dreamless sleep is there,
Thy couch the cold, damp grave !

Yet do I envy thee thy peaceful rest,—
For never more by human ills assailed,
Shall thy too yielding soul
In fruitless sorrow pine.

THE SABBATH ON THE SEAS.

A Fragment.

BY MRS. GODWIN,

Author of "The Wanderer's Legacy."

"Rien ne parle plus à l'âme, en effet, que le service divin
sur un vaisseau."

MADAME DE STAEL.

'Tis sweet to hear the sabbath bells
Ring out o'er woodlands, floods, and fells;
Now clear and jubilant, anon
Mellowed and mournful they chime on.
And sweet, from kirk or chapel, reared
Midst glens to rural hearts endeared,
Oh! sweetly, on the morning air,
Sounds the meek hymn ascending there,
When rural voices join to raise
An anthem to their Maker's praise.

And solemn and majestic floats
The organ-chant, in rolling notes
Poured richly down the pillared aisle
Of some time-hallowed Gothic pile,

When mingle there, in prayer and song,
A city's thousand voices strong.
Oh! who unmoved can listen then
To the responsive deep AMEN?
The soft, refulgent light that streams
Through windows mapped with holiest themes,
The blazonry of cherub wings,
Proclaim Thy temple, King of kings!
And marble tablets, sculptured round,
Mark where the dead have refuge found!

Such are the Sabbath-notes that rise
From earth's vast altar to the skies—
And have the ocean-waves no voice
To bid the sacred hours rejoice?
Have they, who on the dangerous deep
For life an anxious vigil keep,
No tribute for the Almighty One,
Who rules them from his viewless throne?
Hark! o'er the wide and billowy main
Soft music comes, a choral strain.
And, kneeling on the barrier frail
(How vain their strength if *that* should fail!)

That lifts them from the yawning sea,
Bold, rugged men are grouped in prayer
In child-like, pure simplicity,
And lo! their God is with them there!

* * * * *

ON THE EFFICACY OF RELIGION.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

LIFE is a varied scene of hopes and fears ;
Doubt and uncertainty pervade its years.
Though hope's bright torch illumines our weary way,
How oft do fatal fears our steps betray !
Peace now reveals, now hides her angel form,
Now glows the sunshine, and now howls the storm,
Now pleasure holds us in her easy thrall
Till woe starts up and turns her sweets to gall.
But there 's a refuge whither we may flee
And find repose in our extremity :
Religion is the rock to which we cling
When o'er our heads their storms misfortunes fling ;
She is our true—our only faultless guide
Through the ebbs and flows of life's precarious tide.
Midst all the woes that crowd its chequered way
And mar the sunshine of its brightest day,
She to the soul a sacred balm supplies
Till, rapt in holy thought, it greets the skies.

When life's fair prospect suddenly grows dim
And sorrow's cup is foaming o'er the brim ;
When from the eye the scalding tear distils,
Imbittered by a thousand nameless ills ;
When there's a canker at the bosom's core
And mirth's sweet blossoms there expand no more—
Religion, like a Seraph from the tomb,
Starts forth to life and cheers the gathered gloom,
Bids the harsh throbbings of the bosom cease
And to the fretted conscience whispers peace.
From her all *good* derives its power to bless,
Through her no *ill* can curse, no woes oppress ;
She—and for more than this her powers suffice—
Can render this dull world a paradise,
Extract its venom from the sting of care
And smooth the squalid wrinkles of despair ;
From sin's fermenting mass extract the leaven
And the bleached soul exalt at length to heaven.

Oh ! when the blackest storms of misery lower
And terrors gather o'er our dying hour ;
When at *this* life's dark close, the mind's perplex
At what may be the nature of the *next* ;
When sullen fears o'er brighter hopes prevail,
And all the boasted stores of reason fail
To cheer the soul, about to take its flight
To day eternal, or—eternal night,

Religion cheers her, ere that awful lapse
When all is shrouded in a dread *perhaps*,
To those whose hearts the hopes of future bliss
Have failed to wean from such a world as *this*.
She points to Him, from whose full pores were wrung,
The sanguine drops of agony—who hung
Racked on the cross, and, with his dying breath,
Confirmed his conquest over sin and death,
Bruised with his sacred heel the serpent's head,
Whilst all hell groaned to see its victor dead,
Since thus he perfected that wondrous plan
Which heaven re-opened to revolted man.

When on our woes a ruthless world looks down,
Scaring sweet peace with its malignant frown;
How does Religion check her mournful flight
And on the spirit beam celestial light!
From her pure fount the living waters gush
To cleanse the tint of sin's carnation blush,
Whilst the soul, panting for the courts above,
Basks in the glories of eternal love.

Make her thy guide, my young, unpractised friend,
And, where she points the way, thy footsteps bend:
Lay up thy heart within her sacred shrine
Until it glow with light and warmth divine,
Till in the soul her holy transports rise,
Its stains expunged and fitted for the skies.

From her bright altar snatch the hallowed flame
That consecrates for heaven the Christian's name,
And whilst the sacred fire within thee glows,
O'er thee the dove of peace her placid wing shall close.

Religion only can prepare our flight
For the pure realms of everlasting light.
Make her thy refuge in this vale of tears—
She'll calm thy sorrows and assuage thy fears
Should fears alarm or sorrow's pangs prevail.
However griefs may lash, or woes assail,
She'll heal the smarting stripes of misery's rod
And bring thee safely to the throne of God.













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